FLASHLIGHTS
ON
EVANGELICAL HISTORY

STAPLETON

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FLASHLIGHTS ON EVANGELICAL HISTORY

THE MORNING DAWNS.

Daughters of the Author.

Flashlights on Evangelical History

A Volume of

Entertaining Narratives, Anecdotes and Incidents, Illustrative of the Evangelical Work Founded by REV. JACOB ALBRIGHT in A. D. 1800

ALSO

Evangelical Daughters of Song

BY

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Life Member Penna. Hist. Society

Member Penna. German Society

"We have heard with our ears, O God. Our fathers have told us, What work Thou didst in their days, In the Times of Old."—Ps. XLIV. 1.

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FOREWORD.

The history of the Evangelical work inaugurated by Rev. Jacob Albright in 1800, is in many respects unique in character, and full of interesting epochs and incidents, which stand in sharp contrast with the staid denominational life of the older churches of that period. There are various reasons for this, among which we may mention the *non scholastic* character of the "Albright" ministry and their evangelistic methods, which brought them, and their people, in strong and uncompromising opposition to the dead formalism of the period. Then, too, the aggressive and pioneer character of the Evangelical ministers opened a vast field of interest aside from the purely historical development of the Evangelical denominational work. While considerable material relating to these aspects of the Evangelical work has found its way into our denominational literature, still, no work specifically covering this field has hitherto appeared. *Flashlights on Evangelical History* seeks in a measure to supply this missing link, by presenting in a compact form much material illustrative of old Evangelical home life, individual character, denominational development, and Divine guidance, which we believe will prove to be a valuable addition to our historical and biographical literature.

Most of the material of this work was derived directly from witnesses and participants of the incidents and events recorded. In some instances, however, we have availed ourselves of material already published because of its adaptation to the purposes of this work. Our "Flashlights" does not aspire to the character of a connected history, although we believe its materials have a permanent value. Its design is rather by the record of interesting narratives and incidents to make luminous the general field of Evangelical history. We have been told that our early preachers and people suffered great opposition and persecution. This book tells *what* and *how* they endured. "Flashlights" brings to view the stirring scenes of by-gone days. The nights of gloom and sorrow, as well as the days of joy and gladness, are again brought to view. In rapid succession the flowers and figures woven into the Evangelical fabric by the swiftly moving loom of the

passing years are reproduced in order to heighten appreciation of the stirling virtues of our forefathers and lead us to emulate their pious example.

Flashlights on Evangelical History illustrates the old adage that *"Truth is stranger than fiction."* There are some narratives in this book that are as strange and mysterious to us as they probably will be to the average reader. Had we not personally known most of the fathers and mothers who related these wonderful things, we might have regarded them as the products of fancy, ignorance, or superstition.

In the realm of nature are many things which the most learned do not understand, and we should therefore not cavil if in the realm of spiritual life we meet with problems which the mind cannot fathom. We have sought to give a true account of occurrences recorded in this work, and what we do not understand we should relegate to the domain of *faith*, in which relation they become intelligible, and carry with them valuable messages to the weak, the troubled, the doubting, and the faltering.

A department which we flatter ourselves, will be most acceptable to the women of the Evangelical Church, is that entitled, "Evangelical Daughters of Song." It comes as a belated tribute to the poetic genius of women who deserve a wider recognition of their talents than has heretofore been accorded them.

In this connection we beg to acknowledge our obligations to Mrs. Eliza Gault Bennington, the widow of the sainted Rev. S. D. Bennington, formerly of the Central Penna. Conference. Also to Mrs. Mina Ferner Rishel, the gifted wife of Rev. E. W. Rishel, of the Pittsburg Conference. It is worthy of note that Mrs. Rishel is a grand-daughter of John Ferner, Esq., at whose house in 1836 an important General Conference was held, as narrated in this work.

To the many others who have so cheerfully aided in this work, we also extend our hearty thanks. We hope and pray that *Flashlights on Evangelical History* may not only illuminate the past, but also flash down the corridors of the coming years, and brighten the pathway of all who read its pages.

A. STAPLETON.

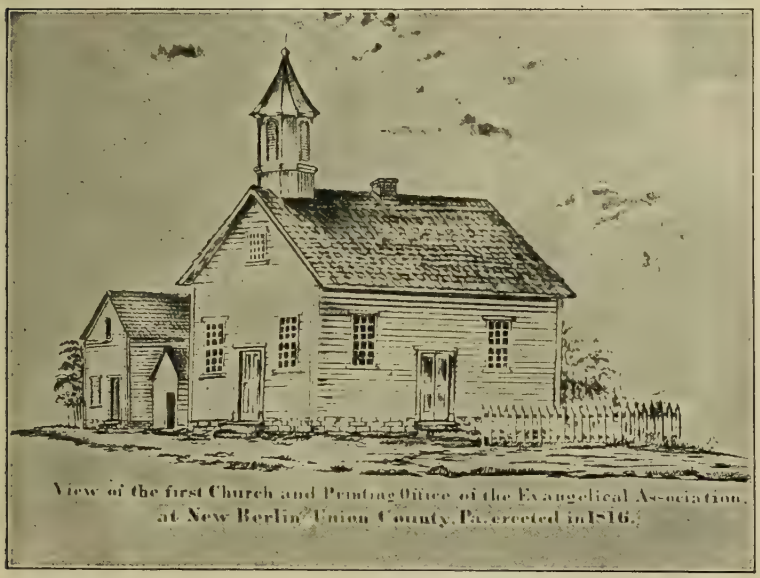
York, Penna., 1908.

FLASHLIGHTS ON EVANGELICAL HISTORY

CHAPTER I.

MEMORIES OF THE FIRST EVANGELICAL CHURCH.

The Ode—Walter Preaches in a School-House—Is Locked Out—His Prophecy—The Door Opened—Prophecy Fulfilled—The Church Built—The Last General Conference—A Crisis—Father John Dreisbach Averts a Storm—The Musical Duel.


View of the first Church and Printing Office of the Evangelical Association,
at New Berlin Union County, Pa. erected in 1816.

The First Evangelical Church, and Printing House, Erected 1816-1817.

ODE TO THE OLD CHURCH.

Farewell Old Church; A long and sad farewell,
The story of thy past no human tongue can tell,
The mother thou of thousands yet to be,
Of churches here, and far across the sea.

Within thy walls were children born to God,
A numerous host, who o'er the world have trod,
To sing and preach the story of His love,
And bring men back to paths that lead above.

The hearts that burned with love within their breast,
The lips that spake of fallen man's unrest,
The strains of music that once echoed there,
Have vanished like the morning dew in air.

Farewell Old Church: for I shall nevermore,
Thy glories share as in the days of yore;
Yet memory opens wide her gates of light,
And brings them back to fancy's joyful sight.

And then methinks that when my work is done,
Amid the glow of heaven's unsetting sun;
With all the host who worked and worshiped here,
We'll tell the story of the church so dear.

It was a great day for the followers of Albright * when the first church of his new society was erected. The town of New Berlin, the former county seat of Union County, Pennsylvania, has the rare distinction of its location.

The erection of this church is connected with one of the most remarkable displays of Divine Providence within our

*Rev. Jacob Albright, the founder of the Evangelical Association, was born near Pottstown, Penna., May 1, 1759. Prior to 1790 he removed to Lancaster County; entered the field as an independent evangelist in 1796; organized his first three societies in 1800; was ordained by his people in 1803; organized his work into a conference in November, 1807, at which there were present five traveling, and three local preachers, besides twenty class officials. He died May 18, 1808, at Millbach (Klinefeltersville), in Lebanon County. His work was carried forward by his followers successfully and continues to the present time, and is now established in many countries, including Europe and Asia. In 1816, the first church and printing house were erected and the first General Conference held.

knowledge. In the spring of 1805, Rev. Jacob Albright and his two colleagues, John Walter and George Miller, in making an evangelistic tour over the "New Circuit," held a service in the Union church in Mifflinburg, in Buffalo Valley. The following Monday they dined at the home of Michael Maize, a short distance below New Berlin. At the dinner table, John Walter, who had charge of the Circuit, asked Mr. Maize to secure permission for him to preach in the schoolhouse at New Berlin, and he would take it up as an appointment. The school house was accordingly secured for the purpose, and Walter preached there a number of times. A great storm of opposition, however, arose against the "Albrights," and Walter, coming to fill the appointment, found the schoolhouse securely locked against him. It was a beautiful moonlight evening, and a great mass of people had gathered to see the outcome of the opposition. Walter who was a veritable Boanerges, was not in the least dismayed, but taking a position on the steps at the school-house door, delivered one of the greatest sermons the people had ever heard. At his feet on the steps sat the wife of Michael Maize, holding in her arms a babe of several months of age. By her side was her little girl of ten years of age.* From the lips of these children, over sixty years later, as well as from other survivors who were present, the author obtained the details of the following strange occurrence which was a matter of common knowledge when we were young.

During his sermon on the door steps, Walter rose to a high pitch of eloquence, when a remarkable *thrill* seemed to come over both speaker and people. At the top of his voice he cried out: *"God has opened for himself a door in New Berlin, and He will build up His work here in spite of the opposition of hell and wicked men."* At this instant, as by some unseen power, a sharp report was heard inside of the schoolhouse, and the door (which had been cross-barred) flew open wide. To *us* the occurrence is inexplicable. It may be said that Mrs. Barber was a babe, and therefore no competent wit-

*Michael Maize, the first regular class leader west of the Susquehanna, died 1842, age 72 years. The babe in the arms of Mrs. Maize was Mary, born 1805, died 1870, wife of Rev. James Barber. The other daughter became the wife of John Rank, Esq.

ness. To this we may answer, that she considered it as one of the notable events with which her life was connected, and therefore treasured all the details as given her by her parents and others. Mrs. Rank surely was old enough to realize the extraordinary character of the occurrence.

Many old ministers, such as Rev. Joseph Saylor, and Joseph Harlacher, whose acquaintance with the Maize family goes back to 1823, assured the author that the occurrence was generally known and considered as an undoubted proof of God's approval of the Evangelical work. Whatever the cause may have been, the school-house door *flew open,* and Rev. John Walter's prophetic words were *literally fulfilled.* Within two years the chief interests of the newly formed church centered in this region, and New Berlin soon became the headquarters of the church. *Within twenty rods* of where this prophecy was uttered the *first* church was dedicated March 2, 1817, by Rev. John Dreisbach.* His text was *"Delight thyself in the Lord, and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart."* (Psa. xxxvii. 4). After its erection the Conference was held in it for *five* successive years (1818-1822), besides *thirteen* times thereafter; also three General Conferences.

By the side of the church was built the *first* printing house of the Church, and in the more commodious establishment purchased in 1836, both the "Christliche Botchafter" and "Evangelical Messenger," the organs of the Church, were first published. The Parent Missionary Society of the Church was projected in 1838, at the house of Rev. W. W. Orwig, then editor of the "Botschafter," and was organized the following year at the house of John Dunkel, in Buffalo Valley, four miles distant.

At a session of the West Pennsylvania Conference held in

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*John Dreisbach was the son of Martin Dreisbach, and his wife Sabilla Frederica Books. He was born in Buffalo Valley, Union County, Penna., June 5, 1789. His father's home was a prominent point in the early days of the Evangelicals. The entire family united with the "Albrights" and father Dreisbach was made class leader in 1806. John Dreisbach attended the first conference in 1807, when he entered the active work of the ministry. He rose to the leadership of the church in 1814, when he was made the first presiding elder. He died at Circleville, Ohio, Aug. 20, 1871. His wife, Fanny Eyer, died 1876, aged 85 years.

the *First* Church in 1846, an Educational Society was formed, which was the *beginning* of educational work in the Church. The founding of Union Seminary at New Berlin, followed in 1854, which was the first educational institution of the church. Walter's prophecy is all the more remarkable when we call to mind that not only was New Berlin the place where the chief interests of the Church were born and developed, but it remained the "headquarters" for about half a century. The tide turned in 1854, when the Book Establishment was removed to Cleveland, Ohio.

A CRISIS IN THE OLD CHURCH.

In 1847, the General Conference met for the last time in the old church. Bishops John Seybert and Joseph Long, were re-elected, the "Evangelical Messenger" was projected, and other great measures inaugurated. The question of greatest interest, however, was the subject of *Secret Societies.* The general sentiment of the church from its beginning was undoubtedly against all oath-bound societies. Both the East and West Pennsylvania Conferences, at their sessions preceding the General Conference, passed resolutions recommending the coming General Conference to enact a law making it unlawful for any member of the Church to belong to any such society. The resolution of the East Pennsylvania was drawn up by the chairman, Bishop Long, Henry Fisher and Francis Hoffman.

The prohibitory resolution in the General Conference was offered by Father John Dreisbach, surviving colleague of the Founder of the Church, and his early contemporary in service, Henry Niebel, the two oldest ministers in the Church. There was a small, but influential group of opponents to the measure who believed that a law so radical in character was equivalent to changing the principles on which the Church was founded.

The resolution having prevailed and the result announced, Rev. J. M. Saylor, a delegate from the East Pennsylvania Conference, arose and said, "Brethren I belong to the Sons of Temperance, which is an oath-bound order. We find secrecy necessary to lay our plans and carry on our work to keep ahead of the whiskey men. The resolution you passed will cut

off all these temperance workers from the Church, which is wrong, and I for one, cannot go with you in that law."

Rev. J. P. Leib, of the same conference, then arose and said that while some secret societies might be inimical to the Church, and the public welfare, he knew of others that were very helpful and beneficial. It was not the province of the church to place the ban on all alike. Moreover, the new law was an invasion of the conscience and private rights of the people. For one, he said, he could not belong to a church governed by such a narrow law, and announced his withdrawal from the same. Rev. W. W. Orwig (afterwards Bishop), the leader of the West Pennsylvania Conference, and secretary of the General Conference, who had been quite conservative, arose and predicted that the measure would work disaster, and declared that the inexpediency of the measure was already showing itself, etc. Upon this the old veteran, Henry Niebel, a contemporary of Rev. Jacob Albright, arose and declared that the General Conference should stand by its action. He spoke of the overwhelming *anti*-secret society sentiment in the Church, and held that the dissenting members should submit to the will of the great majority. Said he, "If they will not submit, let them go, we can get along without them."

This last remark provoked a murmur of disapproval, and it was apparent that the crisis of the Secret Society issue was reached. At this instant the venerable Father Dreisbach arose with tears streaming down his cheeks, and his heart too full for utterance.

Regaining his composure he stated that any measure relating to the polity of the Church that worked so badly in its beginning as this, was surely unwise. Said he, "I offered the resolution in good faith, and while it represents the views of the majority of the Church, I feel that we ought to respect the conscience of the brethren who differ from us. If it were a matter of faith I would not yield, but on a matter like this we must be yielding." (Nachgebig). After expressing his sorrow at what had occurred he desired that the resolution be reconsidered. The question was reopened by a resolution permitting him to *recall* his resolution, which had caused the flurry. His second agreeing, the original resolution was recalled, and peace and harmony was restored.

A MUSICAL DUEL.

During a Conference held in the old New Berlin Church in June, 1829, an amusing incident occurred. A considerable number of the preachers were the guests of Michael Maze, who lived nearly two miles east of the town.

Once, when this company of ministers, among whom were John Seybert (afterwards Bishop), and James Barber,* were sitting on the porch, facing the road. A man named Maurer, the proprietor of a mill about a mile east on Penn's Creek, and who was a noted fiddler, made his appearance before the ministerial company.

This man was known to be a great enemy of the "Albrights," and it was therefore anything but love or respect that induced him to the following performance: Seating himself by the wayside in front of the house he played all sorts of music generally played at dances and frolics. His manners and gestures, too, indicated the evil disposition by which he was prompted. The ministers determined to beat him at his own game, and began to sing lustily the German version of the old song: *"Our dying day is rolling around."* The chorus of voices fairly drowned out his fiddle music, and there was nothing to do but beat a retreat. Sullen and crestfallen, he put his instrument under his arm and went home. A few months afterwards this man died—it is said by his own hands!

Note.—It is evident that this church was erected with funds gathered all over the connection. It is a remarkable fact that the purchase of the lot occurred two years before the church was dedicated. In deed book "A," p. 448, in the court house at Lewisburg, may be seen the deed for the lot bought May 1, 1815. At this time the church had no name as yet. The title of the deed reads as follows: "This Indenture made this first day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifteen, between Andrew Mowrer of the town of New Berlin, Buffalo Township, in the County of Union, State of Pennsylvania, Yeoman, of the one part, and Conrad Philips and John Walter, trustees of

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*Rev. James Barber son-in-law of Michael Maize, was born in Manor Township, Lancaster County, Penna., April 22, 1797. Entered the Evangelical ministry 1817; elected presiding elder 1823; President of the Conference 1827; died at New Berlin, Penna., Sept 19, 1867. His wife, Mary Maize, died 1870, aged 65 years.

the Evangelist Concretion and Albright's Children, or Albright's people, as they call themselves—all of the County and State aforesaid, of the other part,"— etc. etc.

The reader will note the queer designation—"Evangelist Concretion," and "Albright's Children." The trustees were leading men of the church. Philips was one of the first to receive Albright, prior to 1800, in Northampton County. He was present and assisted at the ordination of Albright at Leeser's in 1803. In 1811 he and his aged father, George Philips, who was also present at the above meeting, removed to (now) Winfield, adjoining Eyer's, six miles east of New Berlin. He died in 1816.

John Walter, the other trustee, opened his house as a preaching place prior to 1800. His home was near Middleburg, in (now) Snyder County, about six miles south of New Berlin. He died quite aged in 1828. He was no connection to the minister, John Walter.

It may be of interest to state that the purchase price of the lot in 1815 was $112. After the church was torn down it was sold to Geo. Spitler, April 13, 1878, for $101, who in turn sold it to Rev. J. D. Shortess, of Central Pa. Conf., Feb. 19, 1890, for $100. The old church was torn down in 1873, and much of its material used to make canes, picture-frames, etc., to be sold as relics. Its demolition caused general regret throughout the church. In this church the author of this work was converted in youth, and did his first preaching in 1870—Text Rom. xiv. 12.

CHAPTER II.

AN OLD BARN AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

Massacre of Major Lee and Family—Mrs. Eyer Fords the Swollen Susquehanna—Eyer's House a Preaching Place of Albright—The Old Barn and the Conference Held There—Hardships of the First Missionary, Hennig—Happy "Billy" Gibbons—A Frontier Scene—Land-marks—The Old Forbes Road—A Colonial House—Birthplace of the "Christliche Botschafter."

The Eyer Barn, where the Conference of 1816 was held.

This old barn, a picture of which we here give, is one of the most interesting landmarks of the Evangelical Church. It is situated at Winfield on the Susquehanna, about six miles east of New Berlin, Pennsylvania. It was built by Father Abra-

ham Eyer * in 1805, and it sheltered more horses of Evangelical preachers from the founder, Rev. Jacob Albright, down, than any other barn in the Connection. The reason of this was because of Eyer's prominence in the Church. His home was on the main line of travel for the preachers. Reverends John Dreisbach, and Henry Niebel, the two leading ministers of the Church in the early days, were married to daughters of Mr. Eyer.

AN INDIAN MASSACRE.

About twenty rods east of this barn, in Colonial days, stood the residence of Major John Lee, of the Revolution. In the summer of 1782 while Major Lee was home, some sixty Indians made their appearance at the upper end of Buffalo Valley and massacred a number of people. A squad of this band followed the trail on the top of the "Shamokin Hills," (New Berlin Mountain), and made an attack on Major Lee's home. The Indians killed Major Lee and three others, and took Mrs. Lee, with a small babe in her arms, and some others captive. Father Eyer at this time lived on his farm on the mountain side, within a half-mile of the trail, and about two miles from Major Lee's, yet none of them were molested. Upon learning of the massacre Colonel Hunter of Sunbury, which was four miles down the river, quickly raised a company of volunteers who pursued the savages to the foot of the Allegheny mountains. When the Indians discovered that they were being pursued they killed Mrs. Lee, and took her child and dashed it against a tree and left it by its mother, supposing they had killed it. When the militia arrived they found Mrs. Lee's body still warm. The child, though badly hurt, was tenderly cared for by the soldiers, and it finally recovered.†

Robert Lee, a surviving son of Major Lee, sold the plantation to Abraham Eyer, May 2, 1797. who moved from his

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*Father Abraham Eyer was born in Lancaster County, Penna., May 16, 1748, and died Oct. 3,. 1823. His wife Elizabeth, born Oct. 15, 1752; died Sept. 22, 1805. They were married in May, 1770.

†For a full account of this massacre, see Linn's "Annals of Buffalo Valley," pp. 210-212.

mountain farm into the former home of Major Lee, which strangely enough the Indians did not burn.

Later, Eyer erected the present mansion and stone barn still standing, by the public road, around which so many things of interest cluster.

A WOMAN'S SACRIFICE.

Illustrative of the hardships of pioneer days we give the following incident in the life of Eyer. At some period in Colonial times, Eyer became bondsman for a debtor against whom proceedings for recovery failed. The bondsman, Eyer, now became liable for the debt. In that day debtors were put to prison upon failure to pay upon a legal summons.

In some way now unknown, Eyer had failed to satisfy as *bailee* the creditor and an officer from Sunbury made his appearance with a warrant, and taking him with him, placed him in prison. This he had not anticipated.

Soon after this occurrence, Mrs. Eyer determined to go to the help of her spouse, and taking some provisions for him she started for Sunbury. Between her and Sunbury rolled the majestic Susquehanna, over half a mile wide, and now swollen from heavy rains. Bridges there were none, and boats were few in those days. Impelled by a womanly devotion to reach her husband she determined to ford the river. She soon got beyond her depth and came near loosing her life. People on the opposite shore seeing her plight came to her rescue; otherwise she must have perished.

A PREACHER'S HOME.

Father Eyer and his wife Elizabeth (*nee* Greybill), were pious Mennonites, and Mr. Eyer is known to have exercised the functions of the ministry in that church. He emigrated from Lancaster County to this region in 1772, and secured some vacant land on which he erected a house which stood, as already said, near the Indian path which was traveled many times by hostile savages during the Revolution, but they were never molested to our knowledge, although many of their neighbors were killed or carried into captivity. The old house was used as a residence about one hundred and twenty years. After removing to the Lee farm his home became the head-

quarters for the revivalistic preachers who traveled up and down the West Branch Valley. Bishop Newcomer mentions in his journal, having a meeting there in 1800. It is certain that Albright and Walter visited him in 1803. When the "new" or second circuit was formed by Albright in 1804, Eyer's place became one of the chief preaching places.

A class was formed here in 1806. Among the trophies won for the church at this place was *Henry Niebel*,* a young school teacher, who was then preparing for the ministry of the Reformed Church. He began to preach under the direction of the Founder, and entered the active work in 1809.

A NOTABLE CONFERENCE.

While many things of interest might be written concerning the old mansion it is the *barn* in which the conference was held to which we direct the readers attention.

This conference, which was held June 11-13, 1816, was the most important so far held in the history of the Church. A remarkable circumstance was the fact that father Eyer's two sons-in-law, Reverend John Dreisbach and Henry Niebel were now the leaders of the Church. The former was the president and the latter the secretary of the Conference. The traveling preachers up to this conference, numbered thirteen. Of these, three located, and *eight* new men were received. Four things of great moment were done: A committee of seven was appointed to superintend the newly erected printing establishment. This was virtually the *first* Evangelical "Board of Publication." Dreisbach and Niebel were authorized to compile the first hymn-book. Twelve ministers were chosen to constitute the *first* General Conference, which was held the following October, at Father Martin Dreisbach's, about eight miles distant. Last, but not the least important, the Evangelical Missionary work, which has spread from the

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*Rev. Henry Niebel, son of Nicholas Niebel, of (now) Union County, Penna., was born March 16, 1784; converted at Eyer's 1806, and exercised his ministerial gifts soon afterwards. Entered the active ministry 1809. Elected as the second presiding elder 1815. Removed to Ohio 1833. He died in Wyandotte County, Ohio, May 2, 1877, aged 93 years. His wife Mary Eyer, died in 1857, aged 69 years.

home land to Europe, Asia and Africa, was born at this conference, and in this old barn! The first mission field was Ohio, which was then a wilderness, and the first missionaries *Adam Hennig* and *Fred Showers,* both of whom entered upon their work, but the latter soon defected, and it was left to Hennig to establish the Evangelical work in "the West." The story of his labors in the wilds of Ohio, could it be reproduced here, would read like a fairy tale. He was often overtaken by night in the wilderness without being able to reach a shelter, and more than once he was pursued by wolves from which he made narrow escapes. His travels extended through the interior of the state, there were then no bridges and he was compelled to cross all streams and even rivers on horseback, no matter how swollen or dangerous.*

Yea, verily; when we think of the far-reaching consequences of that conference session in the barn, it excites our veneration for it, and we shall regret its demolition, an event which we hope may be long deferred.

"HAPPY BILLY."

One day in the year 1807, as the intrepid John Walter, Albright's first co-worker, was preaching in Eyer's house, an Irishman who lived near by, passed on horseback with a bag of grain behind him, bound for Jenkin's mill beyond Eyer's. The door and windows of Eyer's house were open, and as "Billy" passed by he stopped a moment to hear what was going on.

The service was, of course, German, and "Billy" although understanding but little of the sermon, became quite interested. He had never heard such preaching before. The word preached reached his soul, and he felt himself a sinner and began to weep. He then went to dispose of his burden of wheat at the mill, and then went back to Eyer's to seek relief from his burden of sin. Long and strenuous was his penitential struggle, in which he was also joined by his wife.

Daylight broke at last and the conversion of this pair was

*Adam Hennig was the son of John Adam Hennig, of Centre County, Penna., where he was born in 1794. Entered the ministry 1813; died at Salem, Ohio, 1860.

a notable circumstance in this region. "Billy" went far and near and told of his happy experiences which had a good effect everywhere. For over forty years "Happy Billy," as he was called, made things "lively" at the meetings in that region. He died triumphantly in 1850, aged eighty years.*

HENNIG ON THE FRONTIERS.

The following incident in a remarkable manner illustrates the early visitation of Divine blessings to those whose hearts "hunger and thirst after righteousness:"

In the spring of 1816, when Adam Hennig was sent as the first missionary of the Church to the West, without having any definite or pre-arranged field of labor, he was determined to be guided by the leadings of Providence. About eight miles northwest of New Philadelphia, in Ohio, while passing through a forest, he saw the blazing fire of a newly arrived settler in the distance. This proved to be an acquaintance named Roerich, from Centre County, Pennsylvania. This family was staunchly Evangelical, and had arrived in their future home the evening before, after a two-weeks journey from Pennsylvania. Their temporary home was of course their big covered wagon until a log cabin could be built. The following day after their arrival, as the daughters were preparing their first dinner under a big oak tree, the conversation turned on religious subjects—the good meetings at where they came from—how they would miss the Evangelical preachers, etc. The father, who happened to be near, assured them that the Lord would soon send them a preacher, *"perhaps sooner than you expect,"* said he. While this conversation was going on a lone horseman appeared in the distance. Recognizing the traveler as Hennig, the father said: *"See there comes our preacher now!"* Sure enough, it was true, and a joyful meeting followed. After partaking of the frugal meal under the oak, preaching services were arranged for Hennig that very night in the cabin of a neighbor. Invitations were

*There is a grave-yard near the Eyer house which contains many of the old Evangelicals. Here sleep father and mother Eyer, father George Philips and son Conrad, both of whom signed Albright's ministerial certificate in 1803, "Billy" Gibbons, and numerous others.

sent out among the settlers to come. Hennig's text was 1st Peter iv. 8. This was the beginning of the Evangelical work in the West.

The Ferner House.

THE OLD LANDMARKS.

Sacred to loyal hearts
  The quaint old places,
Where soon the crumbling wall
  Shall hide all traces,

Of humble meeting-house
  And hearth-stone ringing,
With echo of the old-time
  Heartsome singing.

No richer theme than this,
  "The Sweet Old Story,"
But simple lives devout—
  Bore fruit for glory.

—Mina Ferner Rishel.

THE OLD FERNER HOUSE AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

During the great struggle between England and France for the control of North America in 1755-1762, western Pennsylvania became the chief theatre of the conflict, which in American history is known as "The French and Indian War."

The disastrous defeat of General Braddock at Fort Duquesne (now Pittsburg), in 1755, by the French and Indians, exposed the entire frontier line of Pennsylvania to the incursions of the savages, with the result that over two thousand of her people were massacred.

In 1758, England determined on the reduction of Fort Duquesne and the conquest of the Ohio Valley. Accordingly an army of over six thousand men was concentrated at Carlisle, under the command of General John Forbes.

This experienced officer determined to cut a new road directly through western Pennsylvania by which to move his army to dislodge the French from the Ohio Valley. The story of his brilliant achievement in conquering the French, and his building of Fort Pitt, from which grew Pittsburg, need not be told here.

With the building of the great *"Forbes Road"* across the Allegheny Mountains to the Ohio river, came the settlement of the country. No other highway in America has more interesting historical associations than this.

Our present interest in the "Forbes Road" centres in a house which was built on it by a pioneer whose name is unknown to us, quite soon after the road was completed. This house was in size 42x26 feet. It witnessed the passing of Bouquet's two great expeditions against the Indians (1763-1768), the passing to and fro of the Continental troops to Pittburg during the Revolution, the United States army under Gen. St. Clair to its defeat by the Miami Indians in 1791, and the army under Gen. Wayne in 1792, which conquered the Indians and opened the great "northwest" for settlement.

This house, and the estate to which it belonged, was situated in Somerset County, and was acquired by John Ferner, Esq., in whose possession it remained until his death.*

*John Ferner died 1848, aged 73 years. His grand-daughter, Mrs. Mina Ferner Rishel, in the poem, "The Old Landmarks," reflects a beautiful sentiment.

In 1830, when John Seybert was presiding elder of "Salem" district, he assisted much in the Evangelistic work of the Evangelical preachers on Somerset Circuit. The result was a great revival in which many people of prominence were gained for the church.

Among the converts were John Ferner, and his wife Susanna, who soon afterwards became members of the Evangelical Church.

Ferner's old house now became a regular preaching place, and his woods a camp ground. The old place became noted for *revivals,* and was known throughout the entire Church.

THE BIRTH OF A GREAT INTEREST.

In the year 1836, there was held in this old house the Sixth General Conference, which for far-reaching measures, has never been surpassed by any other in the Evangelical Church.

The publishing interests, which had been defunct since 1828, were now revived, arrangements were made for the immediate purchase or building of a publishing house and the issue of the *"Christliche Botschafter,"* which has for many years been the greatest religious denominational paper *in the world,* printed in the German language.

This old building around which so many things of interest cluster, was torn down in 1906.

CHAPTER III.

OLD-TIME CAMP-MEETINGS.

The First Camp-meeting—Rallying Points—How the Horses Were Fed—An "Old-Fashioned" Camp-meeting—Victorious "Old York"—The Powers of Darkness—Camp-meeting Broken Up—The Enemy Foiled—Almost a Tragedy—A Marvellous Conversion—God Rules the Storm.

Linwood Park.—A magnificent camp-ground of the Evangelical Association, on Lake Erie, thirty-eight miles west of Cleveland, Ohio.

To the followers of Rev. Jacob Albright belongs the credit of holding the first *German* camp-meeting in the world. This camp-meeting was held on the land of Michael Maize, a short distance below the town of New Berlin, in Pennsylvania, in

the month of May, 1810. It was one of the wonders of Central Pennsylvania, and was the centre of attraction for thousands of people. The place was in the centre of the new circuit which had already numerically, and otherwise, outstripped the eastern or "old" circuit. It was attended by all the preachers and chief members of the Church, some of whom had come over a hundred miles. There were no disturbances, such as occurred later at this camp-meeting, so far as we know. In our young days we met a number of people who were present and were witnesses of the marvellous effects of the preaching of these early evangelists.

In the early days of camp-meetings from fifty to sixty conversions, was a common occurrence.

At first, camp-meetings were a novelty, but in a few years, as formal pastors of the old churches saw their members converted by the hundreds and unite with the Evangelicals, the bitterest animosity was enkindled. Pastors denounced the meetings from their pulpits and to this source must be traced, chiefly, the disgraceful disturbances which so frequently took place.

The early camp-meetings were a sort of *rallying point* for the Evangelicals from far and near.

Father Louis Sindlinger once told us, that he, and many others, walked from the "Blockhouse" to a camp-meeting at Abraham Wolfe's, three miles south of Lewisburg, which was a distance of about seventy miles.

Women often went a distance of fifty miles or more on foot. Mrs. (Rev.) Francis Hoffman once told us that about 1825, she was one of a large party who walked from Orwigsburg, Schuylkill County, to Turkey Hill, on the Susquehanna, a distance of over forty miles.

From the fact that modern conditions have changed the character of camp-meetings, it seems desirable to preserve some of the incidents connected with them in order that posterity may have a right idea of what they were like, and properly appreciate the advancement of social and religious culture since that time.

The following incidents were mostly related to the author by participants and may therefore be considered authentic. Some may be simply amusing, while others, we believe, will

signally illustrate Divine Providence, and serve to strengthen and confirm the faith of believers.

HOW THE HORSES WERE FED.

A few miles south-west of Lebanon, Pennsylvania, lived Philip Breitenstein,* whose house became an Evangelical preaching place in 1805. In the month of May, 1811, was held the *third* camp-meeting of the Evangelical Association on his land. In the early days it was customary for camp-meetings to be held on the land of well-to-do people, who were able to provide pasture for the horses of the campers who came from a distance. The camp-meeting having been appointed for Breitenstein's place, he found that the only field into which he could turn the camp-meeting horses was the one from which he expected to cut his hay for that season. What to do he knew not, as to turn in the horses meant to ruin the hay crop. He made it the subject of prayer. To keep the bars *up* meant no camp-meeting—to put them *down* meant no hay. The time finally came for camp-meeting. As the campers came the horses were turned into the clover field. The meeting was one of unusual power and success, but the clover crop seemed ruined and his neighbors thought Breitenstein a fanatic. But reader mark the outcome! Immediately at the close of the camp-meeting a rain of several days duration set in with the result that the clover field *revived,* and produced an unprecedented crop of hay.

AN "OLD-FASHIONED" CAMP-MEETING.

The following from the *Ch. Botschafter,* of November, 1838, is a report of a camp-meeting held this year on Mansfield Circuit, Ohio, which then embraced about one-third of the area of the present Ohio Conference. There were *three* traveling preachers on the circuit, namely: A. B. Schaeffer, H. Longbrake, and Joseph Hummel. Great as this camp-meeting was, many other reports, equally interesting, may be found in the issues of the *Ch. Botschafter* prior to 1850.

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*Philip Breitenstein was born 1764, and died 1838. His house was a preaching place in Albright's time. His son John, born 1795—died 1878, entered the Evangelical ministry in 1818.

"Our second camp-meeting took its beginning on the 20th of August, on the land of Bro. Henry Kipplinger, in Wayne County, Ohio, and was the second held on this ground.

There were present eight traveling, and ten local preachers. There were eighty-two families who occupied some forty odd tents. There were besides a large number of friends who had come from a distance without camp provisions. There were about two hundred and fifty regular attendants connected with the camp, who sought from the very beginning with serious purpose of heart, to engage in the work of the Lord. The congregations were large and increased daily. The attention and conduct of the people was remarkably good, without the least disturbance. It seemed as though everybody was on the side of the Lord. The operations of the Spirit were uniform from the beginning to the end. At the close of almost every sermon invitations were extended to penitents, and everytime more or less came forward.

At the first invitation *twenty-five* penitents came forward, and after that from forty and upwards. On the last evening *sixty-eight* came forward at the *first* invitation, besides many who fell on their knees back in the congregation, and prayed for mercy. The exact number of converts we are unable to ascertain, but reached about seventy, most of whom united with the Church, while others will join later.

We can truly say, this was a time of the Son of man! Oh! that we may remain truly humble, and faithful until death."

VICTORIOUS "OLD YORK."

In the month of August, 1845, there was a camp-meeting held on the land of Jacob Gohn, near Margaretta Furnace, Pennsylvania, on old "York Circuit," that was signally victorious. At this camp there were forty-three tents, many of them occupied by two or more families. Immense crowds were present, and good order prevailed. The first sermon preached was from the text, *"Come, for all things are now ready."* At the first invitation seven penitents came to the altar. The meetings grew in power with every service. At one time *forty* penitents came forward. The meeting continued seven days *and*

resulted in one hundred and ten conversions. Most of these were heads of families.

York County has ever been a prolific field for the Evangelical Church. At the present time, there are upwards of twenty-five ministers in the active service of the Central Penna. Conference, who came from this county, while many more are in the West. There are upwards of fifty Evangelical churches in the county.

THE "POWERS OF DARKNESS."

That a camp-meeting could be broken up, and the worshippers subjected to the most brutal and inhuman treatment in the great Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, as late as 1825, without the interference of the strong arm of the law seems incredible; yet such was the case, and it is only by comparing present immunity from danger with past experiences, that the great progress of practical religion can be measured.

The writer of this work attended a camp-meeting in 1873, at which a gang of desperate men, about twenty in number, from a mining town, took things into their own hands on Sunday afternoon. No religious services could be held, and nearly all the campers kept in their tents. The men were all armed and with a jug of whiskey and a tin cup, they performed a mock communion in the altar. As the men were intoxicated it was deemed best not to attempt arrests, as in that event bloodshed would surely have occurred.

The most shameful assault, instigated by a minister and his church officials, within our knowledge, occurred at a camp-meeting which was held in May, 1825, on the land of J. Earnst, in Bern township, Berks County.

The services began on the 29th, under favorable auspices, no one dreaming of the storm that was brewing and about to break in fury over the heads of the campers.

The preaching was unusually powerful and produced a decided demonstration. In the audience sat a poor cripple, having a bag containing something quite heavy. The fellow was smitten by the arrow of conviction and fell upon his knees, crying for salvation. He was wonderfully saved, after which he arose and stated that he had been sent to the camp at the instigation of a number of men *to stone the camp-*

meeting people. In proof of this he opened his bag which was filled with stones.

This was at once taken as proof that the poor man was sent as a *tool* to start a disturbance which would give the opponents some excuse to interfere. The exposure of their scheme by the cripple filled the ungodly rabble with wrath. There were many penitents engaged in great earnestness at the altar. At a given signal the mob surged into the altar area, the penitents were grabbed and bodily carried to a nearby house where a godless doctor and preacher had installed themselves to use their arts on the *heart smitten penitents.* The doctor bled some profusely, others he treated with the cold douche, some were given sedatives "to quiet their nerves." The preacher plied his arts to assure the awakened ones that the whole revival business was wild fire, and animal excitement and that the Albright preachers were deceivers.

On Thursday the opposition reached its climax. Hundreds of people came to the ground armed with pitchforks and clubs determined to break up the meeting. They cursed and swore at the campers, calling them the most abominable names. They sang ribald songs in mockery of the worshippers; they imitated the bellowing of cattle, the braying of asses, the barking of dogs, etc. Only under the most distressing circumstances could the worshippers close in an orderly manner the afternoon services.

In the evening of this terrible day, Daniel Manweiler attempted to preach from Psa. vii. 11-13, *"God is angry with the wicked every day,"* etc. He had hardly begun his sermon when the mob entered the altar area with hideous yells and imprecations. Many of the camp-meeting people, as well as the preachers, were beaten unmercifully. Mr. Earnst, the owner of the grounds, and Daniel Loos, a highly respectable Evangelical, were severely injured. The preacher's stand and platforms on which the camp-fires burned by which the grounds were illuminated, were demolished. Many of the tents were torn down. Pandemonium reigned supreme until past mid-night when most of the crowd dispersed.

With the camp in ruins a consultation was held at the break of day, and it was determined to forestall the designs

of the enemy by breaking up at noon that day (Friday), one day earlier than intended.

The closing service in the forenoon was most solemn. The presiding elder, John Seybert (afterwards bishop), preached from the words *"O send out Thy light and Thy truth; let them lead me; let them bring me unto Thy holy hill, and to Thy tabernacles.* (Psa. xliii-3.)

THE ENEMY FOILED.

Much as the old Evangelicals suffered at the hands of their enemies, it was not for lack of *courage,* but rather to give the world an example of the virtue of forbearance. Whenever possible, however, they took advantage of the protection of the law, and sometimes resorted to strategy to foil the evil designs of their enemies, as the following incident shows: In August, 1843, there was a camp-meeting held on the land of George Gladfelter, near Rossville, in York County, Pennsylvania. Rev. Adam Ettinger was the presiding elder, and Moses Bower, preacher in charge of the circuit. During the meeting it was learned that a party of rowdies, headed by two brothers named Zimmerman, were coming from the forge at the Susquehanna, for the purpose of breaking up the camp-meeting.

Upon learning of their intention the camp-meeting people made preparation to give them a *warm* reception. A police force was organized, who determined to capture the ringleaders at the first signs of a disturbance. A board tent was secured in which to imprison the disturbers if necessary.

True to their threat, the gang put in their appearance in ignorance of preparations made for them. After parading about the grounds for a while, the Zimmermans and some others, started a disturbance, which was to be the beginning of hostilities. The police committee, however, was on hand, and at a given signal surrounded the ringleaders of the rowdies, cutting them off from their companions. The captured men tried to break through the cordon, and being powerful men a terrific struggle ensued. They were quickly overpowered, however, and hustled off to the improvised "lock-up" where they were tied hand and foot to prevent any further violence on their part. Their companions who had retired at the

first surprise, reorganized, and again invaded the grounds for the purpose of rescuing their companions. Finding the camp-meeting people not to be intimidated they laid aside their bravado and became docile and orderly.

The imprisoned men, finding themselves in a helpless and humiliating situation, now began to beg for mercy. The emergency police, however, gave them to understand that they would be taken to York and made to feel the strong arm of the civil law.

At last thoroughly cowed, frightened and humbled, the miscreants were willing to make any amends necessary, and give pledges for future good behavior. Upon this the campers relented, and the prisoners were liberated, and they at once withdrew.

ALMOST A TRAGEDY.

In the month of September, 1829, a camp-meeting was held near Stoystown, in Somerset County, Pennsylvania, at which a man was converted whose wife was exceedingly wicked and ferocious. The following day after his conversion was set apart as communion day.

Before the communion exercises began, however, the presiding elder, Rev. John Seybert, gave an opportunity to any of the converts to be baptized. Three came forward and bowed at the altar for the sacred rite—one of whom was the newly converted husband of the woman mentioned.

Just as Seybert was offering the baptismal prayer, the woman who had come to camp-meeting *astride* of a colt, rushed forward with a big stone in her hand to break her kneeling husband's head. With fierce cursing and blood-curdling imprecations she denounced her husband for forsaking his old faith, and by going to the "Stravlers" drag his family down to hell.

A man seeing her murderous design, parried her arm in its descent, and instead of striking her husband's head, the stone came down on the altar with a loud crash. The services were of course instantly interrupted by her hysterical ravings.

Failing with the stone, the frenzied woman now drew a sharp butcher knife from her bosom with which she said

she would do the work. Fortunately for the safety of the people she had wrapped the knife in a rag so as to prevent cutting herself while concealed. As she was removing this rag, the knife was snatched from her hand. Her fury was now terrible—with horrible oaths she threatened to hang herself, kill her husband, burn their barn, etc. She was finally removed from the grounds and order was restored, after which the services were resumed.

Reader, mark the wondrous saving power of Divine grace! A few years later at a camp-meeting on the same grounds this fierce amazon again appeared! The presiding elder, Seybert, was in the midst of a sermon, as she came into the audience. She cast at him a look of disdain and defiance. Seybert recognized her, and his heart went out in pity and compassion for her. He now directed his words to suit her mood and condition, and her hard countenance soon relaxed. The sharp arrow of truth, shot with marvellous accuracy from the Gospel bow, had pierced her heart! Next her pent-up feelings burst forth as a mighty flood. She fell on her knees and prayed mightily for salvation. The friends gathered about her in prayer and song. Here reader was surely wrought a miracle of grace! These were seasons of mighty, transforming power. Glad hosannas and shouts of praise soon heralded a mighty Saviour's dying love. The *lion* was turned into a *lamb*—the heart as a "cage of unclean birds" was instantly cleansed and made the receptacle of the dove of peace!

GOD RULES THE STORM.

In 1872, John Dauberman, Esq., of Egg Hill, in Centre County, Pennsylvania, took the writer through a woods near his place and showed him by broken trees and upturned roots the path of the greatest tornado ever known in that country, and which happened over thirty years before, and yet its course was still clearly visible.

Then he led us to a spot in the woods where the storm had parted right and left, leaving a spot of several acres undisturbed—"Here," said he, "we had a camp-meeting during the storm, and God took care of us."

This circumstance filled us with wonder and amazement,

and seemed like a clear proof of Divine intervention for the protection of the campers. The circumstances are as follows:

The camp-meeting was held on the land of Daniel Shreffler, Aug. 23, 1840. The following account is the report of the presiding elder, George Brickley, who held the meeting, and was published in the *Christliche Botschafter* immediately after its occurrence and is therefore authentic:

"On Sunday previous to the meeting, there was preaching on the ground,* and in the afternoon the friends and others from the vicinity, assembled for the purpose of holding a prayer-meeting.

During the first prayer a violent storm arose which broke down the trees by hundreds, and many were torn out by the roots, but not a single tree on the camp-ground was broken off or damaged. All around the tent area were strewn the fallen trees and branches broken off and torn down by the storm. Near the tent ground there was a tree of immense size, measuring over twelve feet in circumference, and very firmly rooted, so that it could not be torn up. This tree was broken off near the ground, although nearly sound all the way through. This may give some idea of the violence of the storm.

The assembly was not aware of the coming storm, until it was too late to flee out of the woods. Several, however, made the attempt, but were frightened by the crushing and breaking trees and returned. But few remained on their knees in prayer; most of them sprang up and were much confused. Some cried out *"We shall all be killed."* Others were overcome by the power of God, and broke out in praise.

The Lord demonstrated that He is with His people, and all were protected. All who witnessed the scene acknowledge the hand of the Most High in the protection of His people."

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*The preacher's "stand" had been erected, and also some tents. —Author.

CHAPTER IV.

OLD-TIME CAMP-MEETINGS.—Continued.

Remarkable Occurrence at Spangler's—Berry's Conversion—Frantz Gramley's Conversion—A Quaker at Camp-meeting—State Militia at Camp-meeting—The Pincher "Pinched"—How a Mock Service Ended—Far Reaching Results.

Perkasie Park—(Auditorium)—of the East Penna. Conf., United Evangelical Church, Perkasie, Penna.

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCE AT SPANGLER'S.

In 1832, was held the first camp-meeting in Brush Valley, in Centre County, Pennsylvania, on the grounds of father Christopher Spangler,* who had been the first in the valley to

*Father Christopher Spangler was the first in Brush Valley to open his home as a preaching place for Albright (the Founder of the Church), in 1805. In 1807 he attended the first conference,

open his house as a preaching place for Albright in 1805. This camp-meeting was one of the most remarkable ever held in the Church because of its far-reaching consequences. Among the many important results of the camp-meeting was the establishment of the Evangelical work in Sugar Valley, which afterwards became an Evangelical stronghold.

The Evangelical preachers had hitherto failed to get a foot-hold in Sugar Valley because of the antagonism of the ple who were strenuously opposed to revivalistic work. All this was changed by the following remarkable occurrence:

A number of men agreed to cross the mountain and go to the Spangler camp-meeting, and see for themselves what it was like.

The party consisted of A. W. Berry, U. P. Dubs and Jacob Kerstetter. They went over in their hunting garb, armed with hunting knives and rifles, and carried with them a jug of whiskey. When they arrived at the camp they were well under the influence of liquor and took things in their own hands, which terrorized the camp-meeting people, as may be well supposed.

Fortunately the people avoided a collision with them, although they passed the night on the ground.

The following morning the three men were discovered sitting on a log near the camp evidently planning their course for the day, or perhaps discussing the camp-meeting. Father Spangler determined to conquer them in true Evangelical fashion. He accordingly went to them and spoke very kindly to them. He did not chide or reproach them, but assumed that they had come to get information and do good. This treatment captured them. "Now," said father Spangler, "I want you all to go with me to my tent for breakfast." This was more than they had bargained for when they set out for camp. After much persuasion they were induced to come to the tent and partake of refreshments. After the inner man was satiated and their confidence was fully gained, father Spangler proceeded to *disarm* them. Said he, "As you have come to *visit* our camp-meeting you don't want to be

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and where he was made a local preacher. He attended the early conferences and exerted a great influence. He died 1855, aged 88 years.

burdened with your guns, and although you mean no harm, yet timid people may think you have evil intentions; besides this, it don't look very well to carry guns in a religious meeting; now with your permission I will take your guns and belongings over to my house, and then when you want to go home you can get them." This they did, and while they made a complete surrender to father Spangler, a more momentous struggle was taking place in their hearts with respect to their God. We will cite the case of Berry particularly:

BERRY'S CONVERSION.

Mr. Berry was deeply convicted of sin at the camp-meeting, and began to seek the Lord in the pardon of his sins. He experienced a most thorough conversion, and at once became not only an exemplary Christian, but a pillar in the Church. He had a large family of children, who one by one embraced religion, until they were all within the folds of the Church. One son, W. H. Berry, became a minister in the Central Pa. Conference. The conversion of Mr. Berry, and others, as the result of this camp-meeting, gave the Evangelical work in Sugar Valley a great impetus. Some prominent families were gained, and the work was well established.

FRANTZ GRAMLEY'S CONVERSION.

At this same camp-meeting some prominent people of Brush and Penn's Valley were brought in connection with the Church. Among the families thus brought into the fold was Frantz Gramley. The Gramley family was a very highly respected family of Brush Valley. Several brothers of this name, about this time—1832—were converted, and left the fold of their Church and joined the Evangelical Zion. The conversion of Frantz Gramley was somewhat remarkable. He was a prominent officer in the Reformed Church. His residence was near father Spangler's. When the camp-meeting opened, the wife of Gramley had a great desire to go and see what it was like. The husband pointed out to her how wrong it was to go there, and by their presence encourage the "heretics," who were leading away the people from the old churches.

The wife, however, convinced him that it was proper for them to go and see and hear for themselves. If *they* were

right and the camp-meeting people *wrong,* their going there would do them no harm, but if *they* were *wrong* and the camp-meeting people *right,* it was to their interest to know it. They accordingly went with the result that they were truly converted to God.*

A QUAKER AT CAMP-MEETING.

The following interesting letter we found among the papers of father Daniel Bertolett, of Oley, Berks County, Pennsylvania, on whose land the camp-meeting was held, and to whom the letter was written. The writer was George Boone, of Exeter, some four miles distant. He was a highly respectable Quaker, and a cousin to Daniel Boone, the famous pioneer of Kentucky.

The presiding elder of the district (Canaan) on which the meeting was held, was Rev. John Erb, who doubtless presided and preached the sermon which so displeased the Quaker. The letter is of interest as it shows that occasionally English sermons were preached at that early day.

"THE 9TH SEPTEMBER, 1821."

"Dear Friend:

On the afternoons of the 5th and 6th instant, I attended meetings, and was pleased to see so many people assembled, who generally speaking, were still and attentive, and as far as the explanation of texts, I thought edifying and believe was well received by the auditory.

As to the tumultuous and noisy part of the worship, it differs so much from the doctrine on record from our forefathers, and the construction that I have ever given to the Holy Scriptures, that I must confess as yet it has not been any edifycation to me. Nevertheless, I think it's my duty to leave that part where it is, and judge of it in myself and not in others.

I think my conscience witnesses to me that thee art seeking peace for thy own and others' souls, and in due measure

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*Note.—Frantz Gramley was for many years a pillar in the Church. Some years after his conversion he removed to Sugar Valley, Clinton County, where he died triumphantly, August 21, 1855, in the sixty-first year of his age. A number of his descendants became ministers in the Church.

hope (thee) has found peace. I know thee reads religious books, and some that give numerous accounts of the sufferings of such as thee doth believe were truly servants of the Lord, all of which from the beginning of their conviction until the day of their death, is one scene of caution to believers not to run too fast, and some that did go too far in their own will —having forgotten their guide when shown them, caused them much sorrow and repentance. If I believe such as we have an account of in Sewell's history, and in a number of other books, to have been faithful servants of the Lord, and the doctrines preached to this day by their successors—how is it possible that I can think the modest, still, and quiet meetings of the one,* and the forward, vulgar, and noisy of the other,† *both right?* On the afternoon of the 6th instant, all the satisfaction and edification I had received the day previous, and same day, and by the well spoken discourse in good, sound English by Ettinger, was all, as it were, destroyed by the unwarrantable remarks made by Jacob ‡ Erb (the one who has lost an eye). Had I not heard it myself I should have thought it a false report—but thee heard the same—that is as to the story about the young woman that would curl her hair before she would go to meeting with her parents. The witness in my breast tells me that such a thing never did occur, and that Erb, nor no other person that is not blind as the deceived papists, never can believe.

I hope that the elders of your society that heard him make said remarks, or rather the story, may consider whether he should not be dealt with by you for such kind of discourse from the pulpit.

A teacher instructed by the only High Priest (there is but One), speaks the truth—he can't lie; and to say such a thing ever happened, is not true.

Amongst Friends,** if an offense was made by any public Friend in meeting, he would be modestly directed to keep his seat, and if he would not, the meeting would break up, and such one, however high his standing he might be in so-

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*He refers to the Quaker worship.
†A reference to the "Albright meetings."
‡John, not "Jacob."
**Quakers.

ciety, would be dealt with, and unless he gave satisfaction, he would be disowned as a member as justly such offence without repentance merits.

I first considered whether or not to write to thee on the above occasion. Some times I thought best not,—again that it was advisable, and considering that thee must be assured that I have nothing but good will to all religious people of every denomination, and wish for the preservation of your Society in putting down vice and immorality all the success that Christians can desire—occasioned me to trouble thee, and conclude as ever thy real friend." "GEO. BOONE."
"To Daniel Bertolet."

STATE MILITIA ATTEND CAMP-MEETING.

In the year 1827, a camp-meeting was held on the lands of *Abraham Buchman,* at Leesburg, Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, under the leadership of John Seybert, afterwards bishop. To this camp a company of militia in full uniform, came to attend service. The occasion was an anniversary of some kind. The company marched into the inclosure in military order with colors flying. They were seated in front, the officers on chairs immediately in front of the stand. The services on this occasion were English. A stirring song was sung beginning:

"Hark the trumpeters are calling—
Calling loud for volunteers."

Rev. John Hamilton, the first English preacher of the Church, and a most eloquent man, preached the sermon. After services the company marched away in an orderly manner. Near midnight of this day, a large number of rowdies in mockery of the military, marched into the grounds and created a great disturbance which the camp-meeting people were powerless to suppress.

A similar instance of this kind occurred on July 4, 1838, when a camp-meeting was held on the land of *Christian Essig,*

Note.—Daniel Bertolett, the recipient of the letter, died 1868, aged eighty-eight years. He was of French Huguenot descent—a great grandson of Jean Bertolett, who came to Pennsylvania in 1726. Daniel Bertolett's home became a preaching place in 1810. He was a local minister and very prominent in the early days.

a few miles west of Liberty, Tioga County, Pennsylvania. The militia assembled at Liberty, and then marched in military order to the camp-meeting, where they were addressed by Rev. John Seybert on their civil and religious obligations. The sermon made a profound impression. Some of the militiamen remained at camp, and that night one of them was converted, and later was a prominent member of the Church.

THE PINCHER PINCHED.

It would almost seem that camp-meetings are specially singled out by evil disposed persons at which to give free exhibitions of their depravity. Almost anyone who has attended many of them, will be able to recall instances when Satan incited some of his followers to bad deeds against which every sense of propriety and decency revolts.

The following illustration of this assertion was furnished the author by Father Abraham Niebel:

In the year 1862, when he was presiding elder of Somerset District in the Pittsburg Conference, he held a camp-meeting on the land of Father Kring, some six or more miles from Johnstown.

In this vicinity resided a young man who was given to disturbing the meetings of the Evangelicals, and hitherto they had patiently endured his mockery until patience itself ceased to be a virtue in his case. At this camp-meeting the ladies complained that when engaged in prayer or other active service in the altar, they would in some unaccountable way be pinched or pricked with pins, etc. One of the brethren thereupon resolved to ferret out the mysterious offender, and kept a close watch during the altar exercises.

He soon discovered the culprit in the person of the young man referred to, and at once reported his discovery to the presiding elder. Rev. Niebel at once went to him and accused him of disturbing the meeting. This the young man stoutly denied. Mr. N. repeated his charge and ordered him to leave the inclosure immediately. The young man refused to comply with the command, but instead expressed his determination to stay and do as he pleased in a very boistrous and threatening manner.

At this demonstration Niebel siezed the young man and

carried him outside the circle of tents and threw him on his back upon the ground. Springing to his feet the young man attempted to assault the minister, but was prevented from doing so by a strong man who at this instant interposed.

The camp-meeting people concluded to make an example of the young man as a warning to him and others. A warrant was secured charging him with disturbing a religious meeting. The hearing was had before a justice in Johnstown. When the accusers and accused met in the justice's office the offence of the young man was clearly shown. He, however, boastingly declared that he would let these "Methodists" know what law was!

"No," said the justice, "it is not for *you,* but for *me* to show what law is, and I hereby fine you fifty dollars for disturbing that meeting." The young man pled his inability to pay the amount, whereupon the justice ordered the constable to conduct him to prison, which was done. Friends soon came forward and paid the young man's fine, and he was released. Suffice it to say the young man found that the law could *pinch* harder than he, and he resolved to quit the business, and thereafter conducted himself in an orderly and gentlemanly manner at religious meetings.

HOW A MOCK SERVICE ENDED.

In the year 1840, or '41, there was a camp-meeting held on the land of Bro. Peter Henigh, who lived in Wayne County, Ohio. At this camp-meeting Bishop Long was present over Sabbath and preached from the words *"Behold I have prepared my dinner; my oxen and my fatlings are killed, and all things are ready; come unto the marriage."* (Matt. xxii-4.) This sermon, which was in the English language, was a masterly one, and produced a profound impression.

After the evening services of this same day, a remarkable incident occurred which well illustrates the usual course of conscience-stricken disturbers of religious assemblies. After all the camp-meeting people had retired for the night, a large party of young men and women of the "baser sort" concluded to have a camp-meeting of their own. Gathering in the altar they took possession of the same, greatly to the annoyance of the Christian people. Their jollification soon

assumed a sacrilegious character as might be expected. Soon a young man mounted a seat and in mockery of the Bishop's sermon of the morning announced the text, "My oxen and my fatlings are killed," etc., and began a mock sermon. Then some one would say, "Let us sing," and some started the sentimental songs of the day. Others crowed like roosters, etc. Finally one said "Let us have a word of prayer." This profane mockery was more than the camp-meeting people could endure. A young man, J. J. Kanaga,* who was a camper, arose, and went out in the woods and cut a stout stick, and without attracting the attention of the crowd he took his place among them without exciting their suspicion as to who he was.

The next time someone called out, "Let us pray," Kanaga said, "Agreed—let us pray." Then kneeling besides a young woman, Mr. K. began to pray *in earnest* for the rabble. The young woman supposing him to be in jest, said to him "hush, hush," but he prayed louder and louder. Then raising his great stick he brought it down on the seat with a whack to emphasize his prayer. Finally, after concluding this strange prayer, backed up with repeated whacks with his stick, he opened his eyes, and behold! the crowd had fled, save two men who were standing some distance away. This was the end of that mock service. The next morning a number of deeply chagrined and mortified young women called on the camp-meeting people to get their bonnets and other belongings that they had left behind them in their flight from Kanaga's rather *"fervent and effectual"* prayer.

FAR-REACHING RESULTS.

It is worthy of note that a large proportion of the early Evangelical preachers were converted at camp-meetings. We could give many remarkable facts along this line. A few examples must suffice.

In 1826, a number of young men walked from Buffalo

*J. J. Kanaga—born near Shippensburg, Pa., 1815. In 1830, his father removed to Stark County, Ohio. In 1846, he entered the ranks of the Ohio Conference, and served the Church many years as an influential and successful minister. Bro. K— communicated this incident to the Author.

Valley, Pennsylvania, to a camp-meeting held on the land of Father *John Walter,* near Middleburg, about ten miles distant. Three of these young men went together to the altar of prayer, and were saved, and all *three* became ministers, two of whom, W. W. Orwig,* and Daniel Brickley,† rose to great distinction.

In 1829 a camp-meeting was held on the land of *William Kreitz,* in Stark County, Ohio, at which place *four* young men were converted near the same day, all of whom became preachers. Two of them, J. J. Kopp,‡ and Elias Sichley, became prominent.

An Old-Time Camp-Ground.

*W. W. Orwig, was born 1810; entered the ministry 1828; elected presiding elder 1833-1836; editor of "Ch. Botschafter"; continued until 1844; re-elected 1849; 1854-56 wrote history of the Church; 1856-59, President of Union Seminary; 1859-63, Bishop; 1863 general book agent; author of two theological works; died 1889.

†Daniel Brickley, born 1810; entered the ministry 1831; presiding elder 1836, in Ohio; died there 1884.

‡Rev. J. J. Kopp was born 1805; entered the Western Conference 1832; presiding elder from 1839 to 1853; died at Lafayette, Ohio, in 1889.

CHAPTER V.

"THE PINES."

Old Barney Clever—Thrown Out Like a Dog for Praying—Abraham Buchman—Enemies Seek to Kill Him—In God's Keeping, Safe—His Famous Camp-Ground—"Singing on the Way"—Examples of Liberality—What He Gave to the Lord Through the Door Came Back to Him Through the Window—Rev. Jacob Schnerr—Buchman Gives Him an Outfit, and Starts Him in the Ministry—The Far-Reaching Results.

At the base of the South Mountain, three miles south of Shippensburg, in Pennsylvania, is situated the little town of Lee's Cross Roads, which is in a region known in the olden times as *"The Pines."* This was an evangelistic centre over a century ago, and the general opinion prevails that Rev. Jacob Albright and his co-laborers, preached here.

It is certain that there was an Evangelical class here in 1810, and for many years the place was one of the strongholds of the Church. It was the eastern home of many prominent Evangelical families of the West; among them the *Kanagas—Helms—Buchmans* and *Vandersalls.*

It was the rare good fortune of the author, many years ago, to meet a number of Evangelical pilgrims over four-score years of age, who were participants or witnesses of the scenes and incidents we are about to relate.

In "The Pines" lived a number of German families, among others was *Philip Buchman,** whose family at the advent of the Evangelical preachers, were all grown. Among the first to open his house as a preaching place to the Evangelical ministers was *Abraham Buchman,*† son of Philip, who became the first class leader of this class in 1810. The fol-

*Philip Buchman came from Germany, 1766 (Pa. Arch. XVII., p. 476).

†Abraham Buchman died in Indiana, 1856, aged 77 years.

lowing reminiscences are from his nephew, who lived with him prior to his removal west, in 1840.

Abraham Buchman was licensed to preach soon after the class was formed, and in 1813 entered the active ministry and did some arduous pioneer work.

PITCHED OUT FOR PRAYING.

There was great opposition against the Evangelical work in its beginning, and great disturbances sometimes took place. At one of Buchman's prayer-meetings his father-in-law, named "Barney" Clever, was deeply convicted of sin. Sickness overtook him, and together with his physical and spiritual condition, his state was a sad one. Clever's brother, who lived in another neighborhood, heard of his condition, and came to visit him.

It so happened that when he arrived, Abraham Buchman and his brother Joseph,* were at Clever's bedside, praying for him. The visiting brother was a violent opposer of the Evangelicals, and was terribly enraged as he entered the sick room to find the men at his brother's bedside praying.

Being a man of powerful build, he seized Joseph Buchman, and lifting him up bodily as he would a dog, he threw him out of the door on the ground. With the sick man, and all present but the offending brother weeping, a scene of woe followed. The raving of the opposing brother did not, however, check the sick man's penitential struggle. The Buchman's kept on with their praying, and Barney Clever and his entire family were all converted.†

IN GOD'S KEEPING—SAFE.

Abraham Buchman was brave and fearless, and passed through many dangers, safely, because he made God his trust. More than once he was set on, and his meetings broken up by the rabble, but he always escaped unharmed. The following incident, which has its counterpart in the experience of

*Joseph Buchman removed to Stark Co., O., where his house was one of the first preaching places. Here he died, 1839, aged 56 years.

†Related to the author by the late Mother Helm, a daughter of Barney Clever, who witnessed the occurrence.

Bishop Seybert, as elsewhere noted, is a signal illustration of how God protects his trusting children from the power of their enemies:

In 1814, Buchman was a pioneer evangelist beyond the mountains, in a region now comprising half of the Pittsburg Conference. His bold and fearless preaching stirred up great enmity against him, and many threats were made to put an end to his meetings.

Two determined men finally agreed that they would shoot him the very next time he crossed the Alleghenies. Buchman was informed of the threat and the desperate character of the men who had agreed to commit the murderous deed. Instead of shrinking from his work, Buchman declared that nothing his foes could do would stop him from the faithful discharge of his duty, and that God would protect him and put his enemies to shame.

On his next round on his great circuit, he preached in Morrison's Cove, and then proceeded to cross the mountains, to his appointments at Stoll's and Kring's in Cambria County. Upon reaching a lonely spot on the mountains, Buchman saw ahead of him two men, on opposite sides of the road, each having a gun. He at once recognized them as his sworn foes. Slowing his horse he lifted up his heart to God in prayer for protection against his murderous enemies. Without stopping his horse he then continued on his way and in a moment had reached the men.

With a kindly smile he bade them the passing salutation. A strange power seemed to transfix the men in its grasp. Neither of them raised his weapon, but permitted the man of God to proceed on his way unchallenged and unmolested.

BUCHMAN'S CAMP-GROUND.

Abraham Buchman's camp-meeting ground was one of the notable rallying points of the early Evangelical Church. It was situated about a mile southwest of the present town of Lee's Cross Roads. Buchman had a well dug on the grounds for the campers, and from his saw-mill near by, he furnished the necessary lumber, all at his own expense. Evangelicals came here to camp from points fifty or more miles distant. The late Lydia Wingert, of Cearfoss, Maryland, re-

lated to us many remarkable incidents of this famous place. She told us that in her youthful days, prior to 1825, her father, *Joseph Wenger,** and *Leonard Middlekauff,* generally went together. They hitched four horses to a big "Conestoga" wagon. They had the outfit and provisions for from three to four tents. All the young people walked. They made the journey pleasant by *"singing on the way."* By starting before daybreak in the morning the trip was made in a day, a distance of about *forty miles.*

In another connection the reader will find an account of a visitation to the camp by a company of militia from Shippensburg.

BUCHMAN'S LIBERALITY.

The Church never knew a more *liberal* man than Abraham Buchman. He gave and gave—notwithstanding that he was in very ordinary circumstances. He often was told that the "Albrights" would eat him out of house and home. To all such he replied that "what he gave to the Lord through the door, came back to him again through the windows." We met several who saw the following occurrence:

An appeal was once made for money for a purpose now unknown. Buchman was one of the collectors. The fashion then was to use big dinner plates with which to take up the collection. Before starting through the audience Buchman drew from his pocket an old-fashioned leather money pouch. Opening it he inverted it over the plate and emptied it of its contents—a considerable sum—on the plate, to the great astonishment of the assembly. The most striking example of Buchman's liberality remains to be given, and will afford the reader an impressive lesson of how God blesses a single good deed in the saving of souls, and the building up of His cause. Before dismissing this famous camp-ground and its hallowed memories, it remains to be said that on one occasion after some one had preached a sermon, Buchman spied his aged father, who was still unsaved, in the assembly. This led him to arise and deliver a most tender appeal, when to his great

*For an account of the Wengers and Middlekauffs of the old class at Cearfoss (1810), see "Evangelical Annals" by the present writer, pp. 121-122.

joy his old father appeared at the altar as a penitent and was gloriously saved.

HOW A POOR ITINERANT GOT HIS OUTFIT.

The fact that the Lord generally calls his ministers from the poorer classes has given us many striking evidences that when he calls a man to the ministry he will also open the way, and provide the means, in some way, for the successful execution of the work.

The following account of how a young minister obtained an outfit is a remarkable example of the manner in which the Lord unfolds his providential designs, and may serve as an encouragement to others who are similarly situated:

There was born in Adams County, Pennsylvania, on May 17, 1806, *Jacob Schnerr.* His parents were very poor, and hence the boy had very few social or educational advantages. When a mere lad he was compelled to shift for himself. When grown to manhood he was led in a singular and providential way to the meetings of the Evangelicals, where he was also converted. Soon after his conversion he evinced an unmistakable call to the ministry. His friends saw, however, that his extreme backwardness, and poverty, might possibly prevent him entering the active work. Early in the Spring of 1829 Abraham Buchman determined to start him in the ministry. The following account of what took place is from Schnerr's Journal:

"In the month of May, Bro. A. B.— sent word to me to come to his house as Bro. J. H.* would have a meeting there. I had thirteen miles to travel. Arrived at his house on Saturday evening and remained until Sunday noon. As I was making preparations to return home, he told me to wait a little as he must go to the barn first. I thought it was his intention to accompany me part of the way, but, O! how I was disappointed! He brought the colt (Füllen), to me and said: "Bro. Schnerr, you can have the colt, bridle and saddle. God wants you to preach the Gospel, and I know you have not the means. Here take him.' I was dumbfounded. My heart opened within me and I could not keep back my

*Rev. John Hamilton, the first English preacher of the Evangelical Association.

tears. The old man stood there and preached to me. Every word went into my soul, and my strength left me. Finally he assisted me on the horse. I wept, and the old man wept also, and praised the Lord, and wished me God's blessings.

I returned to my home,* but, Oh! what a burden lay upon me. I said to myself. Is it possible that I can preach the Word of God? I have no education, but it must be. The call was so strong that I could not resist it. This brought all my feelings to the light, as I had not revealed them as yet to any one."—

The far-reaching consequences of this act of kindness by Mr. Buchman will never be known until the final consummation of all things. To the young man it was the beginning of a brief but very successful ministry.

His crowning work was the establishing of the Evangelical Church in Philadelphia, in 1835.

Among those who were brought into the Church through his labors there was *Frederick Krecker,* who spent forty years in the ministry of the Church, besides giving two sons to the service of the Church, one of whom, Dr. F. Krecker, Jr., was one of the first foreign missionaries of the Church in Japan, and where he died in 1883.

Biographical Note.—Rev. Schnerr had a naturally frail constitution, and was compelled to locate in 1839, because of pulmonary troubles. After his location he served some time as agent for the American Tract Society. He died in Orwigsburg, Pa., March 10, 1849. His wife, who was a sister to Rev. Chas. Hammer, and several children survived him. His last words were:

"I hold by faith on Jesus. Satan, the world, Death and Hell, cannot harm me." Saying this with outstretched hands he sank back upon his pillow, and his pure spirit went home to God.

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*Mt. Rock, near Carlisle, Pa.

CHAPTER VI.

INCENSE FROM "THE HILL OF PRAYER."

(Der Bete Huegel.)

David and Goliath—David Mertz of Cedar Creek—Upper Milford —Meeting at Hittle's Broken Up—The Lines Extended—Gen. Mertz Excommunicated—A Great Debate—Final Struggle—A Notable "Big Meeting"—Remarkable Conversion of the Butz Family—The Hill of Prayer—First Evangelical Church in Lehigh County—Rev. Solomon Neitz—A Trophy—On to Allentown—Biographical Notes.

Rev. David Mertz.

The story of the youthful and courageous David, who slew the Philistine giant, Goliath, and thereby effected the deliverance of Israel, finds a symbolic counterpart in many modern situations and experiences. The man who stands *alone* in the face of bitter opposition and persecution, yet with

an unwavering faith in the righteousness, and ultimate triumph of his cause, stands on the high plane of David's heroism. It requires the *faith* and *courage* of David to meet the giants of vice, intemperance and social and religious corruption, when by so doing, friendship, wealth, family connections and prospective honor are thereby sacrificed. Many Evangelicals had such an experience; nevertheless, God was with them, and most of them lived to triumph over all their foes by the help of the Lord.

We have singled out one who both in *name* and *character* stands in worthy comparison with David of old. This was Rev. *David Mertz,* a plain and unassuming minister of the East Pennsylvania Conference, by whose steadfast devotion and unfaltering faith and courage, the Evangelical work was established at Cedar Creek, Lehigh County, and thence spread to Allentown and adjacent parts. His wife Caroline, too, was a heroine of a type of which the Church has all too few. She personally told us that while her husband labored in the ministry she supported the family, and her itinerant husband as well, by managing their little farm herself. In the entire Lehigh Valley the introduction of the Evangelical work was bitterly, and often violently opposed, and while there were many brave and courageous spirits who suffered much, yet we think a *flashlight* over this hotly contested ground will show David Mertz and his little wife, entitled to the highest honors.

THE OPENING SKIRMISH.

Among the early Evangelicals in Upper Milford Township, Lehigh County, was *John Hittle,* whose house was a preaching place. In 1831, *Rev. J. G. Zinzer,* upon one occasion, sought to preach there, when the house was surrounded by a mob who howled and yelled like so many demons, so that it was impossible to proceed with the services.

Some miscreant, bolder than the rest, hurled a stone into the window, which was the signal for a general attack. The windows were quickly demolished and some of the inmates were hit by the flying missiles. By crouching into a corner beyond the line of the windows, most of the people escaped bodily harm. The pandemonium continued several hours.

Eventually, after many of the rowdies had withdrawn, *David Shubert,* with his daughters, and a few others, ventured out to escape to their homes. They were, however, discovered, and were stoned and clubbed in a terrible manner. A daughter of Mr. Shubert almost lost her life by being ridden down by a fiend on horseback, who made three attempts to kill her in this way. Fortunately all reached their homes without serious injury. We now shift the scene!

THE LINES EXTENDED.

About twelve miles from Upper Milford, not far from Allentown, is a garden spot called Cedar Creek Valley, which derives its name from a creek of that name, which has its rise in an immense spring.

In the heart of this valley was situated the homestead of General *Henry Mertz,* a man of commanding influence, who had served his fellow citizens in the State government, and as a Brigadier General of State Militia. Besides his plantation, General Mertz had a woolen mill, the power of which was derived from Cedar Creek, and operated by his son *David,* the central figure of the narrative.

In 1831, an Evangelical named *Frances Gabel,* who was a member of the Hittle appointment of Upper Milford, came to the Mertz establishment seeking employment. He was duly engaged by David Mertz to work in his woolen mill, and proved to be a steady and reliable workman. Best of all, Gabel let his "light shine" in a way that won the confidence of the Mertz family in his profession of piety.

General Mertz and his son David, as also their respective families, were members of the Saltzberger Lutheran Church, near Emaus, of which Rev. Benj. Garman was pastor. The General, being a deacon in the same. Notwithstanding their prominent church relations, the Mertz family knew nothing of experimental religion, and had hitherto kept aloof from any evangelistic meetings.

All this was soon to be changed, and David Mertz and his wife were fated to be the pioneers of a mighty host of Evangelicals who have made Allentown and vicinity a veritable spiritual garden spot of the Evangelical Church. Through the conversations of Gabel, David Mertz and his wife became

spiritually concerned, and requested Gabel to bring his preacher to them and preach in their house.

Accordingly, late in 1831, the Rev. J. G. Zinzer, accompanied by John Hittle, came from Upper Milford, and the former preached at David Mertz's house, the audience being, Hittle, Gabel, General Mertz, David Mertz and wife. The house of David Mertz was now made a regular preaching place, and he and his wife were soon afterwards converted and connected themselves with the Evangelicals.

THE OPENING BATTLE.

The fact that David Mertz was harboring the "Albrights," and that his house was a preaching place, aroused great agitation in the community and caused the pastor of the Saltzberger Lutheran Church to announce that at a given time he would preach a sermon against the *"Stravlers."** The announcement brought an immense throng of people to the Church, so that not all were able to gain admittance.

The pastor, in his discourse, most bitterly assailed the Evangelical preachers as heretics and deceivers, and also denounced, without naming, a high official of his church for permitting the Evangelicals to preach in his house. This everyone understood to be General Mertz.

After the close of the service, the battle opened in earnest by the pastor, who turned on General Mertz. He accused him of being the chief cause of the inroads of the Evangelicals because he permitted them to preach at his son David's house. As an official of his Church he forbade the General to any longer permit the meetings on his estate.

Upon this peremptory order, General Mertz asserted his rights as a citizen to do as he pleased in the matter, and turning the tables on his pastor, told him that since his son's connection with the Evangelicals he was a better man. He told him that drunkenness, profanity and disorders were prevalent in the community and the pastor had never lifted up his voice against it. He said the Evangelical preachers were necessary, because *they* did what *he* failed to do. For this reason he declared before the entire assembly, that he would not change

*A derisive term formerly applied to Evangelistic people.

his course, and that the matter rested with his son David. The people then vacated the church, but immediately upon emerging from the same the fight was taken out of the hands of the pastor by the crowd, and for a while it seemed as though the General was in peril of his life. An old Revolutionary soldier declared that as he had had some experience he could soon make an end of the trouble. An assault on Mertz was only prevented by the old soldier's friends, who kept him at some distance. Although feeling ran high, sober sense at last prevailed, and the Mertz family left the church without being harmed, but they returned no more.

Soon after this event General Mertz and his wife cast their lot with the persecuted Evangelicals, and thenceforth meetings were also held in his mansion home.

THE FINAL STRUGGLE.

In 1834, *Rev. J. M. Saylor* was appointed to Lebanon Circuit, to which the Mertz appointment belonged. Soon after his advent a Lutheran minister named *Deering,* pastor of a near by church, determined to make a final attempt to stem the Evangelical tide by exposing the movement as heresy and fanaticism. He accordingly, with a considerable number of his parishioners, proceeded to the house of David Mertz at a time when Saylor had an appointment to preach.

They constituted part of the congregation and made no demonstration until the close of the sermon. The pastor then opened a discussion with General Mertz, by denouncing the doctrine of the sermon as anti-Scriptural because Saylor had preached that men must be freed from sin, and the Bible taught that all men are sinners by nature and *"there is none that doeth good."* (Psa. liii.).

The discussion grew hot, and Saylor now asked General Mertz for permission to take his place in the debate as more in keeping with the occasion, and the evident purpose of the intruder to destroy his influence in the community. General Mertz yielded and his pastor took his place.

Saylor opened his side by *admitting* that all men are sinners by nature, but said he: Christ came to *free* us from sin, and no one can be saved unless thus *cleansed* from sin. To this Deering made answer that it was true, but that the cleans-

ing did not occur *until death,* as then only the Spirit could act because of the death of the sinful body.

Saylor then asked him to explain the many passages of Scripture that relate to a pure and holy state *in life,* particularly this—*"The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanses us from all sin."* (1 John 1-7.)

This argument was not in line with the preacher's teaching and experience, and his explanations were so bungling that several of his delegation audibly dissented. Said the preacher, "Paul says of all the great sinners in the world, *he* was the *greatest."*

Saylor told him there was no such a passage in the Bible, but the intruder insisted on its correctness. Asked to produce the passage when the Bible was handed him, he pitifully turned to several of his officials by his side for assistance. Failing to find it, Saylor now opened the Bible and turning to 1 Tim. 1-15, as the probable passage they tried to find. He there read, *"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief."* Commenting on the passage Saylor showed that Paul was a *saved* sinner. Deering was completely worsted in the controversy. A number of his attendants freely admitted that Saylor was right, and that their pastor had brought them to shame!

HOW THEY HELD "BIG MEETINGS."

In the Fall of 1833, when the Evangelical class of Cedar Creek still consisted of Gabel and the Mertz family, David Mertz and wife agreed to the appointment of a "Big Meeting," or "Quarterly Meeting," as now called. The news had gone out far and near that the rich and influential General Mertz had broken away from his Church, and was about to cast his lot with the persecuted Evangelicals. The meeting was announced to begin on Saturday and continue over Sunday. David Mertz and wife had never attended such a meeting, and little dreamed of what it meant to them.

The presiding elder, Thomas Buck, came early. J. M. Saylor and many other preachers also arrived. Mrs. Mertz soon foresaw that her commissary department would be "swamped," and went scurrying over the neighborhood seek-

ing women to help her. To her dismay she found nearly all the women she asked unwilling to help "for love or money," so strong was the prejudice against the Evangelicals. Finally, securing help, she set them to *baking.* Twenty-eight big loaves of bread were soon banked up as an asset. The General and his wife also came to the rescue by opening their bounteous larder, and soon the panic in the kitchen was over. By Saturday noon many prominent laymen had arrived. Some came from a distance of over thirty miles. Among the number was Daniel Bertolett, Esq., of Oley, Berks County, who at that time was a commanding figure in the Church. The problem hardest to solve was what to do with the *horses,* over thirty in number, on which the visitants came, and how to "sleep" the people at night.

For the latter they arrainged beds of straw covered with blankets, etc., on the upper floor of the woolen mill. In all there were over seventy-five people to be cared for. The meetings were great and powerful, and made a deep impression on all who attended. The prophecy of their enemies that the "Stravlers" would "eat David Mertz out of house and "home," was not verified, because God prospered them all the more abundantly.

CONVERSION OF THE BUTZ FAMILY.

In the vicinity of the Mertz home lived an old gentleman of high respectability, and a member of the Reformed Church, named *Solomon Butz.* In the summer of 1834, while engaged in making hay in a field of his son-in-law, Solomon Mertz, (a son of General Mertz), adjoining the factory of David Mertz, he opened a conversation with David Mertz, who was at an open window in the second story of his factory. The conversation soon took a religious turn, during which Butz asserted that the Evangelicals were self-righteous in asserting that a Christian must be free from sin. A sharp argument was carried on for some time at this long range, during which David Mertz asserted that the Catechism of the Reformed Church * taught the very doctrines which the Evangelicals professed. Mertz solemnly told the old man that notwithstand-

*The Heidelberg Catechism, the most spiritual formulary of Reformation times, adopted 1563.

ing his profession, unless he repented and was "born again," he would not be saved. That the sermon preached by Mertz from his aerial pulpit was effective is shown by subsequent events. It set the old man and his family, most of whom were grown, to search the Scriptures to see whether these things were so.

One night in the following November as Mertz was sleeping soundly, he was awakened by some one calling to him. Upon going to the window he found it to be Father Butz, who informed him that the spirit of conviction had overtaken his entire family. Five were already converted and the others were praying. He had come to ask Mertz and his wife to come over and lend a hand. Quickly dressing themselves, David Mertz and his wife proceeded to the Butz home, where a scene never to be forgotten, presented itself. Hours had already passed since the revival fire broke out in the family, and it was evident from the agonizing prayers of the *saved* and the *penitents* that it must burn until the sacrifice was made complete. As the morning dawned the last of the family at home was born of God. It is sufficient to say that this large and influential family of fourteen children all became Evangelicals. God made them a great blessing to the Church. The youngest of the family, *Edmund,* then a little boy of seven, who was also converted on that eventful occasion, was called of God to an honored and successful ministry.

THE FIRST CHURCH IN LEHIGH COUNTY.

In the year 1835, hardly four years after the first visit of Evangelical preachers at the Mertz home, General Mertz and his son David, determined to build an Evangelical Church at their own expense. The structure was of stone and very substantial. No masons could be found in their vicinity who would do the work for *any* consideration, and the workmen were brought from Upper Milford, a distance of twelve miles. After many tribulations the church was completed and dedicated November 15-16. The assembly was so large that John Seybert, (afterwards bishop), preached inside, and Jos. Saylor, outside, of the edifice. Opposition continued for some years, the evil disposed smashed the windows, destroyed the fence, defaced the building, etc.

First Evangelical Church in Lehigh County.

THE HILL OF PRAYER—A TROPHY.

The Church on a little hill was destined to play a great part in the development of the Evangelical work in Lehigh County. David Mertz and his wife, with a few others, spent so much of their time in the church that the place was soon known as *"Der bete Hügel,* (Hill of prayer). One of the first converts here was destined to attain a commanding position and influence, hardly less than any of the bishops. One day during a prayer-meeting David Mertz powerfully exhorted sinners to turn from their evil ways. This he followed by an invitation for penitents to come to an altar of prayer. A youth of fourteen years heeded the appeal, and came forward and was soon converted. This was *Solomon Neitz,* who in later years was ranked by many as the most eloquent minister of the Evangelical Church.

David Mertz, like David of sacred story, had met the Goliath of opposition and vanquished the Philistines. From the "Hill of Prayer" went forth a mighty influence unsurpassed by any in the denomination, save New Berlin, and possibly Orwigsburg.

Rev. Solomon Neitz.

Many families of high standing were soon won for the Church. The Evangelical work now spread rapidly into Allentown, Emaus, Catasauqua and many other places. Thousands of members and scores of ministers for the Evangelical cause was the result of the heroic faith of David Mertz and his wife.

Biographical Notes—

Gen. Henry Mertz and his wife Hannah, died only twelve hours apart. Mertz was born July 21, 1782, and died March 11, 1844, aged 61 years, 7 months and 26 days. His wife was born Aug. 25, 1783, died March 10, 1844, aged 60 years, 6 months and 15 days.

David Mertz was born Jan. 26, 1806, and died at Allentown, Feb. 4, 1892. He was licensed to preach 1839, and travelled seven years.

Caroline Mertz, his wife, born Aug. 7, 1808, died Nov. 21, 1897.

Rev. J. G. Zinzer, born 1806, entered the ministry 1829. For many years a leading minister in the West; died 1888.

Rev. Solomon Neitz, born in Lehigh Co., Penna., April 2, 1821; entered the East Penna. Conference 1840; agent for Union Seminary 1855; elected presiding elder 1856, and re-elected 1860; resigned 1861 to write "Life of Bishop Seybert;" re-elected presiding elder 1862-1866-1870; served Reading Eighth Street Church 1874; re-elected presiding elder 1875; resigned 1878, and again appointed to Eighth Street Church; 1881 rested because of failing

health; 1882 pastor of Ninth Street Church; disabled in Sept., 1883, from further service; died May 11, 1885, in Reading. In 1844 he was married to Susan Hammer, a member of a noted family of Orwigsburg, further noticed in this work.

Solomon Neitz justly ranked as one of the most eloquent orators of the Church, and his influence was very great.

CHAPTER VII.

INCIDENTS FROM THE LIFE OF BISHOP SEYBERT.

His Nativity—Darns His Stockings—Taken for a Tramp—The Girls "Shine" His Shoes—Too Near Hell for Him—He is Sought Out by the Rich—"Did not Look Like a Bishop"—"Like Michael and I."

Bishop John Seybert.

Bishop John Seybert was born in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, in 1791, and died at Belleview, Ohio, 1860. He was virtually the first bishop of the Evangelical Association. He was never married, but labored in season and out of season for the promotion of Christ's kingdom. He was severely plain, in his ways and dress, almost to the point of eccentricity.

Although he was exceedingly *religious,* there were times when he could "crack a joke" in the drollest manner possible, and his performances in this line generally afforded food for serious after thought. He was never known to say an unkind word about any one, and his quaint, droll sayings never had a *sting.* The following incidents are given to illustrate the many-sided features of his character.

THE BISHOP DARNS STOCKINGS.

In 1854 Bishop Seybert dedicated a church at Mt. Zion (Seitz Church), in York County, Pennsylvania. Rev. Samuel Seibert was preacher in charge. That night the Bishop and Rev. Seibert quartered together. In the morning the Bishop arose early, and after Bible study and family devotions, took from his saddle-bags a pair of torn stockings which he proceeded to darn. When his task was finished, Rev. Seibert said to him: "Now, Bishop, if you had married when you were young, as you should have done, by this time you might have daughters who would wash and mend your clothes and darn your socks." Whereupon the Bishop replied: "That's so, Bro. Seibert, as you say; had I married when young I *might* have daughters to wash and mend my clothes and darn my socks, but then, too, I *might* have missed it. You hit it; you have a good wife, and have children who are all right, but I might have married a wife who might have stood in my way, and might have dragged me down to hell." Then he added with a droll smile, "You men with wives have troubles which I haven't got, and while you are bothering with that, I go on with my work, tend to my own clothes,—*and darn my own socks.*" Saying this, he called for his horse and in a short time was on his way to the far west.

THE BISHOP TAKEN FOR A TRAMP.

In 1858, the Central Pennsylvania Conference held its session at New Kingston, near Carlisle, under the presidency of Bishop Seybert. The Bishop's quarters were fixed at the home of *John Musselman,* a well-to-do farmer, whose place adjoined the village. The family felt highly honored in having the Bishop as their guest, and made great preparations to entertain him in a manner befitting his rank.

Seybert came from the west, and left his horse at the home of David Kutz,* an old friend, near Carlisle, and from thence walked down the railroad track to New Kingston, a distance of two miles. Arriving at the Musselman home with saddle-bags slung across his shoulder, clothes dusty, and shoes muddy, his appearance was anything but that of a bishop. Coming to the house he found the parents out at the barn doing the evening work, and a grown daughter preparing supper. Addressing himself to the young woman he told her he was a "traveler" and would like to have entertainment for a while. Said the young woman, who did not recognize him: *"We are not fixed to keep strangers just now. There is going to be a Conference here, and Bishop Seybert is going to be our guest."* Well then," said the Bishop, in his droll way, "will you let me stay for supper?" To this Miss Musselman acceded, whereupon the Bishop entered the house, went to a table, opened his saddle-bags, and got out his writing materials, and was soon engaged in writing letters. This procedure of the stranger greatly excited the curiosity of the young woman, and she made it her business to pass to and fro behind the writer until she beheld him sign his name to a letter—*"Johannis Seybert."* Upon this discovery she quickly ran out to the barn and informed her father of her great blunder and asked what to do to make it right. It was agreed to say *nothing,* but await what the Bishop had to say.

Bishop Seybert was shown his room, and all was right. He said nothing about the matter, but the twinkle in his eye whenever it met that of Miss M— plainly said, "I have a good one on you!"

THE GIRLS "SHINE" HIS SHOES.

Bishop Seybert never blackened his shoes, but kept them soft with oil, which caused the dust to adhere to them. While he was the guest of the Musselmans, during the Conference mentioned, the daughters of Mr. Musselman concluded to make the Bishop look more dignified by blackening his shoes. The Bishop had a habit of taking off his shoes in the kitchen and going to his bedroom in his stocking feet. One

*Father-in-law to Rev. Jacob Boas, elsewhere noticed.

night the young women took his shoes and polished them. In the morning the Bishop came into the kitchen for his shoes. Taking them up he looked them all over with a cynical smile, saying: "These are not *my* shoes." He then put them on and went out into the yard, brushed his feet through the grass and took off the "shine." Nothing further was said about the matter, but his droll look at the girls was something to be remembered.

TOO NEAR HELL FOR THE BISHOP.

Bishop Seybert was very much opposed to the use of tobacco, chiefly because he held that the money so used ought to be spent in the Lord's cause. When the Bishop rebuked the use of tobacco it was generally in a way to be long remembered as the following example evidences. The incident we are about to relate also took place at the session of the Central Pennsylvania Conference at New Kingston, which was the last visit of the Bishop to that Conference. We will let one* who was present tell the story of what happened:

"A number of us preachers at our boarding place were regaling ourselves in smoking cigars, when Bishop Seybert came in upon us, with some documents in his hands for committee work. Asked to be seated he handed the papers to one of the brethren saying: *"I can't stand this, it smells as if hell were not far off!"* and quickly departed, leaving the brethren to their own thoughts."

SOUGHT OUT BY THE RICH.

Bishop Seybert once related the following incident in an address at an annual conference to show that the Evangelical itinerants, notwithstanding their seedy appearance, and homely outfits, were more highly esteemed than they imagined. Said he:

"I was once passing through a city, sitting in my little wagon (which had no springs—AUTHOR), all covered with dust, when a woman dressed in silk and fineries came out of a beautiful mansion, and stopped me, and asked me whether I was not an Evangelical preacher. Said she, "My child is sick

*Rev. S. W. Seibert.

and I want to have it baptized." Doubtless the Bishop baptized the child, but it would be interesting to know where this occurred, and the name of the woman, and the motives and circumstances which led her to pass by the city pastor and call in an *Evangelical* preacher.

HE DID NOT LOOK LIKE A BISHOP.

Bishop Seybert was perhaps the most unconventional preacher in the matter of dress and personal appearances of any one of his period. He wore a broad-brimmed hat, and in his general appearance looked like a Dunkard or Amish, as we see them to-day. His shoes were heavy, and built for *wear*. He kept them well oiled, and as said, would never allow them to be blackened. He was very tidy and clean, darned his own stockings, and mended his own garments. He had no "Sunday clothes," and hence often appeared in the pulpit with *patched* garments.

The only instance we ever heard of in which he sought to put on a good appearance was during his visits to the publishing house at New Berlin, when that place was still the headquarters of the Church. He sometimes traveled with a knit coat or *"roundabout"* as they were then called.

Whenever he came to New Berlin, wearing this garment, he was wont to take it off on the outskirts of the town and put on his "good" coat.

A good story is told how his plain clothes once deceived a woman who had a little "gilt-edge" in her nature:

In 1846, the Bishop visited Albany, New York, and preached in the Evangelical Mission there. A certain man, whose wife had never met Seybert, told her as he started for church without her that he would bring the Bishop home with him for dinner. The proposition appealed to the native pride of the woman, who was a German, and had a high estimate of the dignity of the episcopal office.

She accordingly brought all her culinary skill and resources to bear on this great occasion of her life. The result was a dinner that might have put a Delmonico to the blush, we imagine. The great spread ready, she awaited the coming of her spouse with the Bishop. After a while she spied her husband coming in the distance *minus the Bishop!*

Her heart sank in disappointment. There was with him a little old man, oddly clad with a broad-brimmed hat, short coat of a peculiar cut, with a row of big brass buttons. His shoes were heavy and ungainly. Upon seeing this man with her husband she said she had expected him to bring the *Bishop,* and now he was bringing with him this "common old man." With her womanly pride humbled, and her spirit sorely vexed, she said she had gone to all this trouble *for nothing.* When her husband arrived she tartly asked him why he had not brought the Bishop instead of this fellow. It took some time until the husband reconciled her to the fact that this *was* the Bishop, and she doubtless soon realized that he was *worthy* of her previous high estimate of such a personage.

"LIKE MICHAEL AND I."

The following incident will illustrate Bishop Seybert's droll manner of administering a rebuke. Such rebukes leave no sting behind:

The last time he visited Brush Valley, in Centre County, Pennsylvania, Rev. Henry Broadbeck was one of the preachers on the charge. The Bishop and Broadbeck were the guests of Michael Fiedler, at Madisonburg. The Bishop was about to take his departure, Broadbeck was standing at a mirror combing his luxuriant hair *a la Pompadour,* when the Bishop extending to him his hand to say farewell, said, "Now good-bye, Bro. Broadbeck, be a brave man *and comb your hair like Brother Michael and I.*" Saying this he naively pointed to his own and Mr. Fiedler's hair, which was cut short across the forehead.

CHAPTER VIII.

INCIDENTS FROM THE LIFE OF BISHOP SEYBERT—Continued.

Scorning Danger—An Attempt to Kill Him—Almost Found a Watery Grave—"The Block-house Settlement"—A Wonderful Off-hand Sermon, and its Results—Conversion of Rev. Jacob Albright's Daughter—The Bishop's Benevolence—Saves a Widow's Home—Befriends a Weaver, and What Came of It.

SCORNING DANGER.

Bishop Seybert could truly say with the Apostle Paul, that he was "in perils oft." His journal abounds in records of narrow escapes, in which a Divine Providence is clearly manifest. The two following incidents are of this character, and may serve as examples of others in which his valuable life was in imminent peril:

In 1826, as presiding elder of Canaan district, he sought entrance into the Mahantongo and adjacent valleys. After several visits a considerable religious interest was awakened which caused great opposition against him on the part of formal professors.

One man, especially, bolder than the rest, declared his purpose to shoot Seybert the next time he crossed Mahantongo Mountain. He made no secret of his purpose, and strange as it now seems to us, no one sought to hinder him. Ascertaining the time when Seybert was to cross the mountain, the would-be murderer with gun in hand, secreted himself in some bushes by the wayside, to await his coming. The watchful eye of God, however, foresaw the danger, and had prompted His servant to cross the mountain in the *early morning.*

The assassin upon learning that he was foiled, took a terrible oath that next time he would make sure of his game. Seybert learned of this threat, but remained indifferent, knowing that no harm could befall him without the Divine will.

The purpose of the would-be murderer was soon generally known and fears were entertained that Seybert would fall a victim to his hate.

Reader, mark the ways of Providence: Before Seybert was due to cross the Mahantongo Mountain again the man with murder in his heart, took suddenly ill and died, and was *buried* before his intended victim crossed again!

ALMOST FOUND A WATERY GRAVE.

In April, 1850, Bishop Seybert made a very narrow escape from drowning in the Lycoming Creek, about a mile from its mouth in the Susquehanna at Williamsport, Pennsylvania. The Bishop had attended the two Pennsylvania Conferences and was now on his way to Syracuse, New York, to preside at the New York Conference, which was to open on April 17th.

On April 4th, he lodged at the house of Father Glosser, two miles north of Williamsport. The following day he set out for the "Block-house," where he had an appointment to preach that night. Near Glosser's is Good's mill on the Lycoming Creek, where the public road crosses the stream. The creek was greatly swollen by reason of the melting snow in the mountains, which rendered the fording somewhat dangerous. Father Glosser entreated the Bishop not to venture into the stream with his wagon, on which he had a good-sized chest of books for the Conference, besides his own belongings.

The Bishop notwithstanding the warning, declared his horse was good at swimming and would get him safely across. Forgetting for the moment that a *horse* "is a vain thing for safety." (Psa. xxxiii. 17), the over-confident Bishop ventured into the raging torrent. In mid-stream the water reached the body of the wagon and swept it down stream, pulling the struggling horse with it. The miller and others on the opposite shore, came to the rescue, otherwise the Bishop would have been drowned. His saddle, books, etc., which he had on the wagon, were carried down stream, but almost everything was recovered. This serious accident detained the intrepid Bishop only a few hours. His loss, which was chiefly in books, was about fifteen dollars. It taught him, however, a

much needed lesson, and thereafter he was more cautious in crossing swollen streams.

The author has often visited the ford, and from the lips of Father Glosser learned all the details of the accident. We have been shown the exact height of the flood at the time, and to us the Bishop's escape, with nearly all his outfit, seems wonderful. We have crossed the ford more than once with a slight rise of the water, and felt *uneasy,* but immediate composure was restored as we recalled that the Bishop drove in with the stream almost *bank full* to reach an appointment that night almost forty miles away.

A WONDERFUL OFF-HAND SERMON.

In 1830, when John Seybert was presiding elder of Salem District, he once passed through the "Block-house settlement," in Tioga County, Pennsylvania, which is situated on a plateau of the Allegheny Mountains. Most of the settlers were European Germans, but lately arrived in that wilderness country. His journey to New York State led him through the village of Blockhouse (now Liberty), to Blossburg, and thence northward to "Lake" Circuit.

Three miles west of Blockhouse he asked for lodging for the night at the home of Father *John Michael Sindlinger,** who kindly gave him lodging. The following morning, upon taking leave he asked for the privilege to preach in Sindlinger's house upon his return from New York, which request was granted. In the course of two weeks he returned, and stopped at Sindlinger's to fill the appointment. The time for preaching was at "candle light," and at the hour appointed the house was filled to its utmost capacity by people, very few of whom had ever heard a real spiritual and Evangelical sermon.

While Seybert sat behind the table making his preparations to preach, a man named *George Gloeckler,* before all the assembly, asked him to preach from Jeremiah xv. 19, which is far more expressive in the German than in the English

*John Michael Sindlinger emigrated from Germany in 1818. He died in 1837, aged 57 years. He was the father of Rev. John Sindlinger, who entered the Evangelical ministry in 1834, and of Michael Sindlinger, who entered in 1840.

language. The object doubtless was to disconcert or embarrass Seybert. Bowing his head in prayerful meditation for a few moments he announced the text thus suddenly thrust upon him without an opportunity for preparation.

The Holy Spirit in a marvellous manner opened the text to his understanding. The power of God soon fell upon both speaker and assembly, and weeping was heard everywhere. Before the close of the services which lasted several hours, a considerable number of souls were converted.

Rev. James Barber was sent to the "settlement" to continue the work which within a short time spread many miles around.

Near Father Sindlinger's was the home of *Christian Essig,* in whose spacious house were held meetings of marvellous power. A remarkable circumstance is the fact that at Essig's was converted *Noah Rank* and his wife *Sallie,* the only daughter of Rev. Jacob Albright, the founder of the Church, and also their family, among them *Jacob,** named for his distinguished grandfather, and who soon thereafter entered the Evangelical ministry.

"The Old Blockhouse" became famous throughout the Church, and some of the most successful ministers of the connection came from that region.

To us it seems wonderful that such great results can be traced to such an odd event as happened at Seybert's first service at Sindlinger's.

THE BISHOP'S BENEVOLENCE.

Bishop Seybert was one of the most benevolent of men. Having neither wife nor family to care for, he was enabled to give largely to the deserving poor, and to all the enterprises of the Church. When he died it was found that he had willed all his possessions to the Church he so faithfully served, save small amounts to a few friends.

The following incidents will illustrate his intense human-

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*Rev. Jacob Rank, grandson of Rev. Jacob Albright, was born in 1816, entered the ministry of the Church in 1837, and served 40 years. He died July 12, 1905, in Iowa, as a member of the Des Moines Conference, United Evangelical Church.

itarian spirit as shown to total strangers. Many more such instances might be cited:

HE SAVES THE WIDOW'S HOME.

In the month of September, 1831, when he was presiding elder of Salem District of the Eastern Conference, his official duties led him to Brush Valley, in Centre County, Pennsylvania. Here he learned that a poor widow was about to loose her home by sheriff's sale for a debt which she was unable to pay. Upon making diligent inquiry the Bishop found her to be worthy of assistance in her misfortunes, and concluded to befriend her.

He went to the sale accordingly, and bid in the property. He then had the sheriff deliver a deed for the property, free of all incumberance to the astonished woman. He then exhorted her to practice economy and lead a godly life,—and, if circumstances permitted, she could repay his outlay in her behalf in yearly installments *without interest*—and if not able to do so, it would still be well.

Fortune smiled on the woman, and she was able year after year, to pay the Bishop some, until the entire amount was paid. *The Bishop had saved her home.*

THE WEAVER'S LOOM.

In the winter of 1846, as Bishop Seybert was riding along on a very cold day in the State of Ohio, he met a man with a sled on which he had a weaver's loom.

For some reason the circumstances seemed peculiar to the Bishop, so he asked the man whether he was a weaver, and whither he was going with the loom. The man replied that he was no weaver himself, but being a constable he was compelled to seize the loom for a debt and was on his way to sell it.

The good Bishop's heart was filled with pity, and he minutely inquired into the circumstances which led to the seizure. Finding the man was really worthy of help, he resolved to pay the debt and restore the loom to the unfortunate weaver, as that was the only means of supporting his wife and family.

The officer of the law agreed to take back the loom if

Seybert would satisfy the debt, which was a little over four dollars. The constable now turned about and went back to the house accompanied by the Bishop.

When they arrived at the house, the entire family came out, greatly wondering what new turn of affairs had happened. Seybert himself explained that he had stopped the constable and would pay the debt.

Dismounting from his horse and securing him at a post, the Bishop counted out the money to the official and took a receipt in full for the debt. After unloading the loom the constable left, while the Bishop remained to encourage the family and admonish them to lead a godly life.

As he was about to resume his journey the family importuned their benefactor to remain for dinner. They were very poor but managed to find provender for his horse, and a respectable meal for their benefactor. Upon learning that he was a minister the weaver insisted that the Bishop *preach* at his house upon his return that way. To this the Bishop agreed with the result that the entire family were converted. Others in the neighborhood were later saved—an Evangelical class was formed—the weaver was made the leader of the class—a church was built—and the neighborhood became a spiritual garden spot.

The Bishop was too modest to record the remarkable details of this narrative, of which he was the "hero" in his journal, but related the circumstances privately to friends, and in this way it was preserved to posterity as a notable example of the wonderful ways of Providence. Not even the place of its occurrence, or the name of the family is known. We only know that God prospered the weaver and his family, and that the Bishop was repaid, but refused to take any interest on his outlay.

CHAPTER IX.

BISHOP JOSEPH LONG.

Parentage and Character—"What a Pity"—Cheese and Chipped Beef—Father Wagoner—"A Hint as Big as a Barn Door"—The Bishop's "Healthy Eyes"—His Peculiar Preparation for a Journey, His Appearance—He Kept the Middle of the Road—Taking the Bishop's Photograph—"With or Without the Wig?" He Got Too Much Salary!

Taken at Baltimore in 1866 by request of Conference.
Bishop Joseph Long.

Bishop Joseph Long was the son of Killian Long and his wife Barbara. He was born in Dauphin County, Pennsylvania, in the year 1800, and died at Forreston, Illinois, in 1869. His parents removed to Ohio when Joseph was still a youth, and were among the first members of the Evangelical Church

in the State of Ohio. Bishop Long entered the ministry in 1822, and rapidly rose to prominence. In 1830 he was President of the General Conference, and was elected to the office of Bishop in 1843. He had a unique personality which was difficult to understand, and hence many thought him harsh, crusty and unfeeling. Rightly understood, however, Bishop Long was as tender and loving as a child.

His peculiar, quick, harsh manner, was the rough exterior of a truly noble soul. To those who *knew* the Bishop this seeming infirmity of disposition was lost sight of by reason of his many stirling qualities. Bishop Long was mighty in the Scriptures, and as a preacher was never surpassed in his Church.

He disliked any attentions paid him by reason of his office, and woe to the person who was indiscreet enough to praise his mighty sermons, or bestow special favors to him!

To the sister who persisted in "waiting on the Bishop" at the table he was wont to say that he was old enough to help himself, and would prefer to take such things as he liked. His cutting sarcasm against personal homage is illustrated by the following: A minister of our acquaintance, after preaching a number of years, concluded he would like to get into the stern Bishop's knowledge and favor. He accordingly secured one of the older brethren to introduce him to the Bishop, while he was engaged in writing during the recess of a conference session—a very inopportune time, indeed. Said the young preacher, "Bishop, I have for a long time wanted to get better acquainted with you, I admire your great sermons and your work as our Bishop," etc. Upon this the Bishop gave him a searching look from head to foot, and said, "So you never had a good chance to get acquainted with me before—*What a pity!*" and cooly resumed his writing.

CHEESE AND CHIPPED BEEF.

The following incident illustrating the Bishop's stinging sarcasm against so-called "social etiquette," occurred in the city of Williamsport, Pennsylvania, during one of his early episcopal visits to the East:

He was dining at a hotel; at the table opposite the Bishop

sat a "swell" young woman, who in an instant learned more "table manners" from the Bishop than she had ever known before. Not knowing the Bishop, his brusk, unconventional manners annoyed her, and she concluded to teach him a little table etiquette. It did not take long until the Bishop, after his fashion, reached across the table and took a piece of *cheese* with his fingers—which was supposed to be *improper*, according to table rules. The young woman pretended to be horrified at this act of rudeness and called out—*"Waiter—waiter—come and take away this cheese; that old man had his fingers in it!"*

Everybody smiled but the foxy old Bishop, who demurely kept on eating as though nothing had happened, but watched his chance to get even. His turn soon came—the young woman helped herself to the *chipped beef* with her fingers. This was all right according to "table manners," but, alas! she made the mistake of reaching under and picking out the finest. This was *unmannerly*, and was her undoing. In an instant the sharp, stern voice of the Bishop rang out so all could hear it: *"Waiter—waiter—come and take away this chipped beef; that young woman fingered all over it!"* The laugh was now on the young woman, who instantly left the table in confusion, while the Bishop finished his dinner as though nothing had happened.

"A HINT AS BIG AS A BARN-DOOR."

During a conference session presided over by Bishop Long in York, Pennsylvania, occurred the following incident:

The Conference discussed the private conduct of a minister which was of such a character that it should have been had behind closed doors. The discussion on such a delicate subject was consequently subdued and indirect, in order to keep it from public knowledge as much as possible. Father Wagoner, an old veteran, had not participated in the discussion, and failed to catch the trend and character of the *sub rosa* talks. Arising from his seat the old veteran said: "Mr. Chairman, what's before the house that the brethren talk so strange and get around the bush so we cannot understand them? I don't believe the brethren know what's before the house, or what they are talking about."

This aroused the Bishop, and in a sharp, commanding voice he said, "Brother Wagoner, you sit down—*sit down*—There *is* something before the Conference, and the brethren *do* know what they are talking about, but it takes a hint as big as a barn door to make *you* understand." While the Bishop frowned, and the audience tittered, Father Wagoner "caught on" what was "before the house."

THE BISHOP'S "HEALTHY" EYES.

From a letter of an old brother we take the following: "I attended a Conference at Flat Rock, Ohio, in 1846, where Bishop Long presided, and where his sermon made the hearts of all feel that there is an invisible power in the Word of Truth. I noticed that the Bishop's eyes were sore, so one day I met him in a private house, and after a talk on other matters, I asked him what was the matter with his eyes. *"Gesunheit"* (healthiness), blurted out the Bishop, and changed the subject.

PREPARATION FOR A JOURNEY.

This same writer says of Bishop Long, "When I was on Marshallville Circuit (Ohio), in 1852, Bishop Long and I traveled on horseback to Brother Umbenhower's, near Massillion, to hold a protracted meeting. While there he received word to come to Michigan to attend to an investigation concerning a minister's character. That night, about six inches of snow fell. In the morning he said he had to leave me and go to Michigan. When ready to start he took his boots and stockings off and walked out into the snow in his bare feet. After trotting around the yard a while he gave his feet a good rubbing, then put on his boots and stockings and started on horseback on his long journey to Michigan, wearing no overshoes."

HOW HE LOOKED.

Continuing, the writer says, "The first time I heard Bishop Long preach was in the Fall of 1830, in the house of Mr.

Mowry,* near East Greenville, Ohio. I was then fifteen years old. I thought he was the *homliest* man I had ever seen. He wore a red flannel shirt with a standing collar of the same material, perhaps home spun. He wore a red bandanna handkerchief for a neck tie."

The reader should remember that this was thirteen years before he became Bishop. As a Bishop, Long dressed plainly, but not in a way to suggest oddity, as the foregoing description would indicate.

HE KEPT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD.

The following from Dr. C. B. Wagoner, of Lebanon, Pennsylvania, tells of his experiences with Bishop Long in his youthful days. He writes:

"In my boyhood days at Milheim, Pennsylvania, some things happened which I can never forget, specially the following. Father † and Bishop Long once came from a Conference held in Buffalo Valley,‡ each in his own conveyance. The Bishop had a new carriage which made him somewhat crusty. My youngest brother took father's team to the barn, and I was to follow with the Bishop's team.

Just as I was ready to leave he exclaimed: 'I will drive myself.' I followed behind the carriage to the barn. When he stopped I proceeded to unhitch his horse, when the Bishop exclaimed, 'Young man, keep your hands off!' Had I not known his peculiarities I would have walked away. After he unhitched his horse he said to me, 'Now take the horse where you want him.'

That evening he preached. The evening was very dark, and after services father sent me home to procure a lantern to show the old gentleman the way. I shall never forget the remark he made as we were walking in the middle of the

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*This was Daniel Mowry, who with his wife, Elisabeth Fry, were converted under the preaching of Albright in (now) Snyder County, Penna., in 1805. They were among the first members on Sandusky Circuit, Ohio.

†Rev. Philip Wagoner, born 1800, entered the ministry 1822, elected presiding elder 1833, died 1870, at Williamsport, Penna.

‡The Conference was held at New Columbia, Pa., 1850.

street. I suggested that we take the pavement. *'Pavement!'* exclaimed the good Bishop, 'Why bless me young man, I never saw a pavement in your town in *day time,* and how do you suppose I could find it on such a dark and stormy night as this! We'll keep in the road and be safe.'"

TAKING THE BISHOP'S PHOTOGRAPH.

Bishop Long had a horrow of publicity. He never had a picture taken of himself until well along in life. In 1866, the Central Pennsylvania Conference was held in the city of Baltimore, Bishop Long presiding. Missionary money was badly needed and someone devised a scheme to have the Bishop's picture taken and placed on sale, the profits to flow into the missionary treasury. The scheme came before the Conference in the form of a resolution requesting the Bishop to go to a photograph gallery at his convenience, during the Conference and sit for his picture. Upon the offering of the resolution the Bishop arose and said that the scheme was very repugnant to him, as he did not care to have public attention drawn towards him in that way. Said the Bishop, "You will never get me to do such a thing," and refused to put the motion. At this stage of the discussion Rev. Jacob Boas arose in his pleasant, genial way, and said the Conference appreciated the Bishop's modesty, but argued that the Bishop in his *official capacity* belonged to the Church, and subject to the *wishes* of the Church. The Conference asked him to go to the picture gallery as the Bishop of the Church and as chairman of the Conference, and *not* as a *private individual,* governed by his own judgment. At this argument the Bishop yielded, but his displeasure as depicted on his countenance showed that a whole flock of the traditional photographer's *"birdies"* would be necessary to make him *"look pleasant."*

"It is not my will," said the Bishop, "but if you will have it so—how will you have it taken—with, or without the wig?" Saying this, he jerked off his wig, and disclosed for the first time to many his hairless episcopal pate. *"Keep your wig on!"* came in a chorus from all over the assembly. The Bishop then put back his wig and later had the photograph taken.

HE GOT TOO MUCH SALARY.

In this self-seeking and commercial age it seems incredible that any *official* should *complain* of being overpaid. The ground of complaint is now reversed, and as a rule the official who has an increase in his stipend feels complimented.

Not so, stern old Bishop Long. All he asked was what the rule of the Church provided for, and anything above that, to use a modern term, was "graft" that must be spurned.

At the General Conference held at Buffalo, New York, in 1863, occurred the unique spectacle of Bishop Long resenting the well-meant action of a number of Conferences in increasing the Bishop's salary.

He arose and stated that he had charges to bring against a number of Conferences for actions of this kind.

Said he, "For once I consider it so, and I have repeatedly declared it as my opinion, that it is unlawful that several of the Conferences have voted me, and at the request of my colleague, also to him, *more salary than the Discipline allows.*"

Bishop Long having involved his colleague, Bishop W. W. Orwig, in the act of wrong doing, the latter arose and declared that he believed he and the Conferences had *not* violated any provisions of the Discipline. Rev. Francis Hoffman, of the East Pennsylvania Conference, arose and facetiously remarked that it was a wonderful thing that a Bishop should complain of being treated *too well.* This matter, he said, should be inquired into.

The outcome of the incident was its reference to a committee which recommended a little different regulation, but made no references to the Bishop's "charges."*

*See Gen. Conf. Journal of 1863, p. 29.

CHAPTER X.

EVANGELICAL PIONEERS OF THE WEST.

Pioneers—Influence of Colonization—Founders of Towns—The Thomas Class—Pathetic Parting—The Warren Class—Evangelical Settlement in Illinois—The Cedar Creek Class—The Penn's Creek Class—Bishop Seybert as a Promoter of Immigration—The Pioneer Rev. Jacob Boas—His Eventful Journey—Holds the First Evangelical Service in Illinois—He Goes Hunting and Gets Lost—The Outcome—Hardships in "Going West."

"Going West."

PIONEERS.

Out where the sunset land alluring,
  Promised to open the gates of day;
The settler's toilsome lot enduring,
  With dreams of a rally, far away.

Sowing the seed of righteous living,
  There on the trackless, treeless, plain.
When the old home hills were rich with giving
  A harvest full of the ripening grain.

To-day with flocks and herds increasing,
They tell the goodness of the Lord,
And spread with notes of joy unceasing,
The glory of His matchless word.

—*Mina Ferner Rishel.*

Colonization has always been a good agency for propagating the Gospel. The Jews who were living in Europe became the neucleus of the Christian Church. The same is true of modern denominational life. The members of a church emigrate and ministers follow them. It is in this way the Evangelical ministers found their way into New York State (1812), Ohio (1816), Canada, Illinois, etc. The spread of the Church by emigration will be apparent at once when we say that during the first half century of the existence of the Evangelical Church she yielded up a very large percentage of her Eastern membership, who removed to the "West" and there became the *backbone* of the work.

We could mention whole congregations that were almost broken up in the East by removals, among this number were many members who were converted under Albright and his co-laborers.

The emigration of Evangelicals began quite soon after the founding of the Church, and some of them had the honor of founding towns that now perpetuate their memory. Of this number we may mention Father *John Betz,* founder of Betzville, Ohio, and Father *John Row,* the founder of Rowsburg, Ohio.

Among the earliest Evangelical settlers in Ohio were *Philip* and *Daniel Hoy,* two brothers of Buffalo Valley, Pennsylvania, who had married two sisters, daughters of Father *Abraham Eyer.* They went "West" in 1806, and settled in Fairfield County. They were followed in 1810 by *Martin Dreisbach,* whose wife was also a daughter of Eyer. Their removal west was a strong factor in the sending of the first missionary, the appointment which was made at a Conference held in Eyer's barn in 1816, as elsewhere noted.

We now come to notice the emigrating Evangelicals in colonies.

THE THOMAS CLASS.

Soon after 1820, began the emigration of the Thomas Class, located in Decatur Township, Mifflin County. This class was the oldest Evangelical organization west of the Susquehanna * (1803). We are not able to give the number, but we know that almost the entire class removed to Ohio in two colonies, the last party going near 1830. When the first party left they assembled at a given place near where the Lawver Church now stands. There were a number of wagons and some cattle which the colonists took with them. Before starting they had a farewell religious service with their friends who remained behind, and then came the bitter parting. An eye witness † informed us that the weeping could be heard far away. This scene relates to the starting of the first colony. The following are the known colonists, but whether of the first or second party, we cannot say: *Rev. John Thomas,* son of John Thomas, Sr., and whose license was signed by Albright in 1807. His brothers-in-law, *John* and *George Herpster,* and the family of *Fred. Herpster* (whose wife was also a Thomas), *John Wales, Jacob Reber,* and *Isaac Gill.* All the foregoing were married to daughters of Father *John Thomas,* Sr., who died in 1813, and at whose house Albright held the second general meeting of his ministry in 1802. Then also *William McCauley,* son-in-law of Fred. Herpster, who had been the first class-leader (1803), and who died in 1818, *Jacob Treas,* Father *Andrew Wonder,* with his large family of grown children; then there were other old Evangelicals from "The Beaver-Dam," *Daniel Mowry, Geo. Hartman,* and several sons of Father *John Mook.*

These people located mostly at Flat Rock, in Seneca County, and some in Wayne County, near Wooster, in the State of Ohio.

These were representative Evangelicals, and their descendants in the west may well feel proud of their ancestry. The names *Herpster, Wonder, McCauley* and *Wales* have for

*See "Evangelical Annals," p. 59.

†The late Jacob Lawver, who was born in 1814, was still a small boy. Father Lawver was also a grandson of Father Thomas.

many years been honorably represented in the Evangelical ministry in the West.

THE WARREN CLASS.

In 1833 the intrepid John Seybert requested Conference to permit him to work independently and explore and take up new territory. His new field covered five counties in northwestern Pennsylvania, and within a few years constituted many splendid charges. His greatest success was at Warren, where a large number of European Germans were brought into the Church. The following year (1834), one of the converts, a young man named *Daniel Stanger,* removed to Cook County, Illinois. He secured a tract of good land at Des Plains, and then by correspondence induced *Jacob Kreihnbiel, J. G. Esher,* and *J. Arnold,* also Evangelicals of Warren, to join him in 1836.

In the spring of 1837 most of the remaining members at Warren emigrated in a body to join the pioneers at Des Plains. Among this number were the families *Ott, Schally, Wirth, Gross, Knopf, Schuler, Rink, Arnet, Trier, Strubler, Martin* and *Jacob Esher.*

CEDAR CREEK CLASS.

Near Mt. Carmel, in Wabash County, Illinois, *John Butz* was the Evangelical pioneer. He was from Cedar Creek, near Allentown, and removed to Illinois in 1830, and through him a large number of Lehigh County Evangelicals were induced to settle in his neighborhood. In 1845 a still larger colony of Evangelicals emigrated in a body from Cedar Creek. Their means of conveyance were large wagons, by which means they traveled over a thousand miles. Religious exercises were maintained during the journey. This last colony consisted of the following, who were heads of families: *Amos* and *Aaron Butz, Solomon* and *Edward Mertz, John Drissler, John Neitz, Daniel Keck, Joseph Roth, Peter* and *Charles Fehr, Reuben* and *Ephraim Hauser, Charles Guth, George Steiminger,* and in 1846, *Charles Butz, Simon Strauss, Adam Gasser,* and *Philip Rassweiler.* Most of the foregoing located at (now) Naperville.

THE PENN'S CREEK CLASS.

The most notable Evangelical emmigrant body was an *entire class* that went in a compact party from Penn's Valley, Centre County, Pennsylvania, in 1839. This great movement was the outcome of Bishop Seybert's enthusiasm for the West. During one of his visits to Centre County, Seybert described in glowing terms the opportunities awaiting settlers in Illinois. He had made some investigations and furnished the people with reliable information in respect to a desirable place of settlement, terms, etc. The result was the organization of an Evangelical colony consisting of forty-eight persons, besides some children. The following is the complete list of the members:* *Conrad Epply*, leader of the class; *William Weirick*, exhorter; *John Folgate, James McKee, John Rockey, George Reigel, Dinah Auman* (widow), and *Henry Zerby*, all of whom were heads of families, save the last named.

In the colony were also some who were not members of the Church at that time but became so later.

The colony started in April, and slowly made its way over mountains, through forests and bridgeless rivers, and in the course of six weeks arrived at their destination on Cedar Creek, Stephenson County, about six miles north of Freeport, Illinois. Of the Evangelical colonies that went to the "Genesee Country," New York, prior to 1815, Canada, Wisconsin, Michigan and Iowa, we will not in this connection give details, as enough has been given to illustrate the tremenduous influence of *emigration* in the establishment of the Church beyond the bounds of the mother Keystone State.

THE PIONEER, REV. JACOB BOAS.

In 1836, when the Evangelicals of Warren were making their arrangements to emigrate to Illinois, their preacher, Rev. Jacob Boas, a talented and energetic young Pennsylvanian, entered heartily into their schemes and agreed to visit them and seek to establish the Evangelical work among them in their

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*This list was kindly procured for the author by Rev. Henry Rohland in 1891, from Mr. John Rockey, Esq., of Cedarville, Ill., one of the original colonists.

new home. The following year Boas was appointed to Miami Circuit in Ohio.

In conformity with his promise to the Warren people, his presiding elder, Henry Niebel, sent him to Illinois to look after the colonists. His first journey was made in July, 1837. The weather was excessively hot, and both he and his horse suffered intensely as they passed over great stretches of shadeless prairies. Passing through the lowlands of Indiana, his way led him through a region where the sedge grass was so

Rev. Jacob Boas.

high that it hid everything from his view. In this grass they were attacked by a voracious gnat that set both the rider and his horse almost frantic.

In the midst of his trouble Boas stopped at the home of a blacksmith for refreshments. This kind-hearted man made a covering of netting with which he enveloped the horse, while his rider covered his face and hands with a big bandanna handkerchief. The gnats continued to annoy him until he reached Chicago, July 23d.

In the same fantastic outfit with which he traversed the prairies, Boas entered the future metropolis of the West, which was then a small town of a few thousand inhabitants.

In Chicago he visited all the Evangelicals, and the following day proceeded on his journey to the Warren colonists. In due time he arrived at Daniel Stanger's, the pioneer of the colony. The news of his arrival spread like wild-fire, throughout the settlement, and occasioned great rejoicing.

Without even recuperating from his journey of about five hundred miles Boas had a meeting at the house of Stanger which was attended by multitudes besides the original Evangelical colonists.

This was the *first* service held in the State of Illinois by an "Albright" preacher. The text of Boas was *John* xvi: 22, *"And ye now therefore have sorrow, but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you."*

UNDER THE SPREADING OAK.

The second visit of Boas to the Illinois Evangelicals was in the latter part of September. On this visit he held the *first* quarterly meeting under a great oak on the banks of the Des Plains River, near Wheeling.

Mr. Boas related to us an amusing circumstance in connection with this meeting. Upon his arrival he "put up" with the father of the late Bishop J. J. Esher. Learning that game was plentiful he concluded to go "gunning" before the meeting. Being an utter stranger in this region he soon lost his bearings in the brush which abounded.

Upon finding that he had lost his way, he set about finding the place appointed for the meeting.

Without knowing where he was he suddenly emerged upon the great assembly at the oak tree on the bank of the river. In the distance he saw scores of wagons, and several hundred people, many of whom had come a distance of several days journey. Secreting his borrowed gun and hunting outfit he made a hasty toilet behind the bushes and soon made his appearance, somewhat belated, before this unique assembly.

The service held under the oak tree was a remarkable

one. The power of God was wonderfully displayed, and souls were saved. The Quarterly Conference which followed was the first official recognition of the several classes that had been formed, which in March (1838), following was constituted into the first charge in Illinois.*

TROUBLES OF EMIGRANTS.

In 1845 Rev. Benjamin Eply,† in itinerant of the West Penna. Conference, removed to Illinois to enter the work there. His experience in "going West" was that of many others. We reproduce his letter,‡ giving an account of his hardships as a contrast to present day conveniences.

"As many of our friends in the East have expressed a desire to hear of our experience in our journey to Illinois, I will give a short account of the same in the *'Botschafter.'*

On the 9th of last April (1845), we took our departure from our friends in Pennsylvania, and began our long journey to Illinois. In the beginning everything went pleasantly enough, as we had good weather and good roads. However, before we reached Pittsburg, our youngest child was taken with a very severe cold. Inasmuch as the water was low, and freights were high we determined to travel by land. Hardly had we left Pittsburg when we were compelled, because of our sick child, which was near death's door, to go to a hotel and stay there.

This was a sharp trial for us, however, by God's help and

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*Rev. Jocab Boas was born in Reading, Pa., Nov. 15, 1815. He was the son of Daniel, and grandson of Rev. John William Boas, born at Otterberg in the Palatinate; educated at Heidelberg University, between 1763-1770; then came to Pennsylvania, and was a Reformed minister till his death. Jacob entered the ministry of the Evangelical Church in 1833. It was he who introduced protracted meetings as now in vogue. He was two terms presiding elder in the (now) Central Penna. Conf. He died at Carlisle, Pa., April 4, 1884.

†Benjamin Eply entered the West Penna. Conference in 1837. After his removal to Illinois, he continued some years in the work there.

‡See Ch. Botschafter, 1845, p. 142.

medical skill our child grew better, so that after a few days we were able to continue our journey.

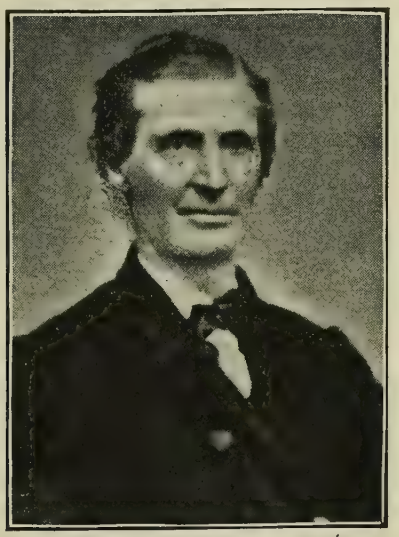
Hardly had we started when one of the older children was taken with a fever, and before the close of the day, our wagon broke down—*Yetzt war guter Rath theuer*—I carried my sick child into a hotel until my wagon was repaired, after which we continued our journey to Ohio, to a place eight miles north of Canton, where we lay three weeks owing to the illness of our child.

O! I felt like saying, 'were there no graves in Pennsylvania for our children?' However, the Lord had pity on us, and restored us so we could continue our journey. We then journeyed to Cleveland, where we took the water, and in four days reached Chicago, Illinois. From thence in one week more we reached our destination," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

PIONEER EXPERIENCES OF SAYLOR AND HOFFMAN.

Life of Rev. Jos. M. Saylor—Parallels that of Rev. Francis Hoffman—Remarkable Proof of Saylor's Call to the Ministry—People Who Were Afraid of the Preacher's "Charming Powder"—Saylor in the Wilds of Ohio—Pathetic Story of the Poor Widow—He Preaches at a "Log-rolling"—Plants the Church in Northern Ohio—Francis Hoffman—Nativity—The Lord Gives Direct Proof of His Call to the Ministry—A Voice from the Grave-yard—What Results.



Rev. Jos. M. Saylor.

The life of Rev. Joseph M. Saylor* in a remarkable degree illustrates the beneficent and guiding hand of Providence. When almost ninety years of age his memory concerning the olden times was very little impaired, and during a series of interviews covering three days, the author had abundant opportunity to draw copiously from his well-filled storehouse of facts relating to the early Evangelical Church.

We here subjoin a few incidents from his life, designed mainly to illustrate the spirit of the old-time itinerants, and their dependence on direct displays of Divine power to guide them in their operations.

THE PROOF OF HIS CALL.

Like many other young men, Saylor had a great struggle in his mind and heart to settle the reality of his call to the ministry. He finally asked the Lord to settle the conflict raging in his own breast by some visible token of his Divine call. Over a year passed by and still the doubt shadowed his life, and yet whenever he thought of retiring from the work some strange thing turned up to frustrate his purpose. The indubitable evidence came at last, clear and unmistakable as an audible message from heaven.

In the spring of 1825, he was appointed to York circuit, with appointments in various parts of York and Adams counties. Soon after his appointment he once had occasion to stop for refreshments at a house near the present town of Idaville, in Adams County. Upon taking leave he asked permission of the man to preach in his house, and readily gained his consent. The time set was on a week-day afternoon. The man went to a great deal of trouble to circulate the appointment, and when Saylor arrived he was surprised to find a great crowd of people who completely filled the yard. The door of the house was open and seats provided, but the people could not

*Rev. Jos. M. Saylor was born at Orwigsburg, Pa., 1803, and died at Reading, Pa., in 1891. He entered the ministry in 1823, and rose to great prominence. In a remarkable manner his life runs parallel with that of Rev. Francis Hoffman. They were born at the same place, near the same time, converted at the same meeting, began preaching near the same time, held the same offices, and died at the same place within a few years.

be induced to enter. In those days it was held by the ignorant and nominal professors of religion that the Evangelical preachers were possessed of a hypnotic or magnetic power by which they cast a "spell" on the people that made them fall to the floor and pray for mercy, and others to leap and shout for joy. Others believed that the preachers had a mysterious *powder*,* which they scattered over the people that made them act in that manner. Finding it useless to pursuade the people to go into the house and be seated, Saylor took his stand on the door-steps and conducted from thence his services. His text was *"The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost,"* (Luke xix. 10). Saylor had unusual liberty in preaching the word, and many people were moved to tears.

At the close of the service he announced his willingness to preach again if a suitable preaching place were offered him. Upon this the man of the house gave him a standing invitation. An old Dunkard with a patriarchal beard pointed to a nearby stone mansion, saying, "That's my house, and you are welcome to preach there any time." Several more invitations were given to preach at places several miles distant. This was the beginning of a great work in that region, and Saylor took this remarkable occurrence as the long-looked for evidence of his call to the ministry.

SAYLOR IN THE WILDS OF OHIO.

In the spring of 1826, Joseph Saylor and his friend from boyhood days, Francis Hoffman, were sent to Ohio, where they labored for one year, during which time they had many strange and wonderful experiences. In the spring of 1827, they were both present at the organization of the *first* Conference in the west, which took place at the house of Henry

*In 1868 the writer met an old lady about eighty years of age, who in youth attended the preaching of Albright and his co-workers, but she would never go into a building in which they preached. She said they all used the "Charming powder." She was present at the first camp-meeting at Mich. Maize's in 1810; she said she and her crowd never ventured inside of the assembly; she said they held each other by the hand when the "Albrights" preached and their powder had no effect on them; she said she saw many people overcome and fall to the ground.

Rauch,* near Wooster, Ohio, May 7th. Two ministers were ordained, namely Conrad Kring, elder; and Joseph Saylor, deacon. This was the first ordination beyond the bounds of Pennsylvania. Saylor and Hoffman were entrusted with the proceedings of the Conference, which were sent to the Eastern Conference for ratification. They were compelled to ford several rivers that were swollen with recent rains by which they were thoroughly drenched, and only with the greatest difficulty were they able to deliver the records to the mother Conference, which convened at New Berlin, on June 2, 1827.

A GRATEFUL WIDOW.

In the autumn of 1826, after filling an appointment at the house of Henry Rauch, near Wooster, Ohio, he proceeded on his way the next morning to his next preaching place. Traveling some six or more miles, he saw a log cabin on the road ahead, around which was gathered a considerable number of people.

Upon his arrival at the cabin he was stopped by a man who wanted to know if he were not a preacher. Saylor answered in the affirmative, whereupon the man requested him to dismount and perform a burial service for a young girl, as no minister was present, and they did not like to bury her without some religious exercises. Saylor informed them that he was bound for a distant point where he was to preach that night and could not give the time without missing his appointment.

Upon this, the man explained that the dead girl was the daughter of a poor widow whose pastor refused to come and bury her dead because she had no money to pay him what he demanded.

This touched Saylor's heart, and he said he would stop and render a brief service including a sermon if they were satisfied. This was agreeable and the service was held, after which Saylor proceeded on his way with increased speed. For the subject of his discourse he had chosen a new text on the spur of the moment, which failed to "open up", and greatly embarrassed him. He was utterly disgusted at his "miser-

*Henry Rauch, Esq., was born in Pennsylvania, 1800, and died in Fairfield County, O., 1858.

able fizzle," and as he rode away took comfort in the thought that no one knew him. The following spring (1827), just before his return to Pennsylvania, he preached near Columbus in a log cabin, and remained with the people of the house for the night.

Some of the attendants at service had come from a considerable distance and shelter was also provided for them. After services the party were seated around the fire on the open hearth and engaged in conversation of a reminiscent character. In the party was a very sickly looking woman, past middle age, who had been quite reserved. Addressing herself to the preacher she said, "Brother Saylor, I had been very sick and expected to die, and told my friends to bury me privately, and then when you came around you were to preach my funeral sermon." This strange statement induced Saylor to inquire as to her reasons for choosing *him* instead of Rev. Conrad Kring, his experienced colleague. To this she replied that she had lived the year previous near Wooster, where a beloved daughter died, and that her pastor refused to officiate at the funeral because she was too poor to pay what he asked as a fee. She said that when they were about to bury her daughter without religious services a young minister, a stranger to them all, passed by, and was asked to officiate. He did so, and said she *"Through that sermon I and all my children were converted to God."* The reason why she had selected Saylor to preach her funeral sermon when she expected to die was because "he looked just like that young man." Saylor then asked her what the young man's *text* was. This she readily cited. Saylor then informed her that *he* was the identical young man. With great emotion the woman arose from her seat, weeping aloud for joy, she threw her arms around the neck of the young preacher as a loving mother might fondle a long lost son.

After such a happy outcome of a supposed "miserable fizzle," as Saylor called his sermon, it is clear that the feeblest effort of a truly choosen servant of God will be owned and used in the conversion and edification of souls.

"So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: It shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that

which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."—Isa. lv: 11.

A "SPIRITUAL LOG-ROLLING."

The Evangelical work on the old "Sandusky Circuit," in Ohio, which originally covered several counties, was introduced under peculiar circumstances. In 1826, when Rev. Adam Kleinfelter was presiding elder of the western work, he directed Joseph Saylor to visit some Pennsylvanians who had settled in the "Upper Sandusky." He was directed to preach and ascertain the feasibility of establishing a field of labor in that region. Saylor's journey led him through many miles of wilderness, and after a wearisome ride he arrived at the settlement. He was directed to a place where nearly all the people of the settlement had gathered to chop down trees and drag them together and burn them so the land might be prepared for seeding. This was an old-time *"Log-rolling,"* a method employed in new settlements to subdue the "virgin forests." The old-time "Log-rolling" was co-operative in more ways than one. It was a great thing for a newcomer to have the whole settlement turn out, and clear up some land so that he might sow some grain for bread. While the sturdy frontiersman swung his ax and the oxen dragged the fallen timber on piles to be burned, the women were engaged in preparing a feast, the *best* that could be made over a blazing campfire with pots and kettles. "Angel cake" and "side dishes" were unknown to those hardy pioneers. Hilarity and good will prevailed. Every newcomer from the East was given the glad hand and a share in the common weal of the community. It was upon such a scene as this that Joseph Saylor made his appearance in the fall of 1826, in the wilds of Ohio. After dismounting from his horse he made himself and his mission known to the men. *Never* was a minister given a more cordial welcome than was given Saylor by these hardy, brawny, smoke begrimmed log-rollers. All work ceased immediately. The people informed Saylor that they had heard no sermon for *six years*, and that they would not resume their work until after they had heard a sermon. Everybody now got ready for the service to take place immediately after the noon-day feast. The men washed off their grim, and then proceeded to pre-

pare a place for service in "Nature's own temple." The meal, which consisted of but *one course,* was soon out of the way, and then came the service for these Gospel-hungry people. Saylor announced that he would preach again in the evening. Meanwhile the news of Saylor's arrival spread far and wide, and in the evening many additional people were present.

After the evening service an Evangelical class of over twenty-five members was formed. Saylor took his departure the next morning and was never able to visit them again. Rev. Jacob Fry * visited them repeatedly up to the Conference of 1827, when "Sandusky" circuit was formed and the log-rollers became the nucleus of a great work.

THE MASTER'S SEAL TO A MINISTER'S CALL.

The following remarkable incident was related to the author by *Rev. Francis Hoffman,*† in 1891, and who rounded out sixty years of service in the Evangelical ministry, many years of which were spent in an official capacity. The greatest struggle of his life was to decide the question of his call to the ministry. In that day it involved a great sacrifice, and nothing short of a clear and unmistakable call from God could induce a young man with the bright worldly prospects of Hoffman to make a sacrifice such as was then required.

In 1826, he was appointed with Rev. Joseph Long (afterwards Bishop), to Canton circuit in Ohio. One day, while on his way to preach at the house of Rev. John DeHoff, in

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*This was the Rev. Jacob Fry, of Albright's time, who has been passed unceremoniously by in all Evangelical histories. His father, Jacob Fry, Sr., removed from Berks County (where Jacob was born), to (now) Snyder County, in 1796. Albright gained entrance into the family in 1804. Jacob, Jr., entered the ministry at the first Conference in 1807. Committing an indiscretion for which, however, he made honorable amends, he was expelled from the ministry. Removing to Ohio he was reinstated and rendered yeoman service for many years in the establishment of the Evangelical work.

†Rev. Francis Hoffman was born at Orwigsburg, Pennsylvania, in 1806; entered the ministry 1825; elected presiding elder 1848, and served in that office many years. He died in Reading, 1894. He was the father of Prof. F. M. Hoffman, and Rev. Elisha Hoffman, the musical composer.

Wayne County, his old doubts as to his divine call troubled him to such a degree that he decided to settle it once and for all, and retire from the ministry. Coming to a place where the road forked—the one leading toward his appointment, and the other in the direction of *Pennsylvania*—he turned his horse into the latter road. The crisis of his life was now reached. A voice spake to him in the depth of his soul, *"Go to your appointment."* There was no mistaking its meaning. He now dismounted from his horse and sought further

Rev. Francis Hoffman.

guidance by prayer. He then made a *covenant* with God, to the effect that he would go to his appointment and continue in the ministry on condition that the Lord would *that night seal his call with the conversion of at least one soul.*

Facing about his horse he continued on his way to his appointment under the new terms. Upon arriving at the house his courage failed him, and he requested DeHoff, who was an experienced preacher, to preach in his stead. This DeHoff refused to do, and Hoffman had no other way but to meet the

issue. He then repaired to a private room for prayer, during which time the people were gathering for preaching in the room adjoining. Earnestly he besought the Lord that his doubts might now forever be settled one way or the other, and then with a heart overflowing with emotion, he entered the room where the people awaited him.

Immediately in front of the table that served as his pulpit sat *six young women*, side by side on a bench. Hoffman's voice was so tremulous with emotion that he could scarcely speak. After preaching a short time one of the young women cried out, *"I am lost! I am lost!"* and sank on her knees in prayer. One by one the other young women followed, and soon the six were bowed in penitential prayer. It became necessary for Hoffman to stop in the middle of his sermon, and the meeting changed to "altar exercises." Sinners were praying all over the room for salvation and a large number of people were happily saved. The Lord thus honored the covenant far beyond the expectations of the timid young preacher. In after years when doubts and temptations assailed him they were quickly dispelled by a remembrance of God's faithfulness in fulfilling his part of the solemn covenant.

THE VOICE FROM THE OPEN GRAVE.*

In the years 1832-'33, when Rev. Francis Hoffman served Lancaster circuit, a remarkable incident occurred a short time before he closed his labors on that charge.

On April 13th, 1833, *Rachel Kochel* died at Brownstown, at the age of 35 years. Hoffman was asked to assist a Dunkard preacher named Samuel Moyer, to bury her. The Dunkard preached the sermon and Hoffman was assigned to "say something" at the grave.

At the open grave under an apple tree, Hoffman felt impelled to exhort the people to repentance. As he grew earnest in his admonition the wife of *Israel Brown*, a prominent citizen, began to weep because of her unsaved condition.

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*Father Hoffman furnished the author these particulars directly from his note book.

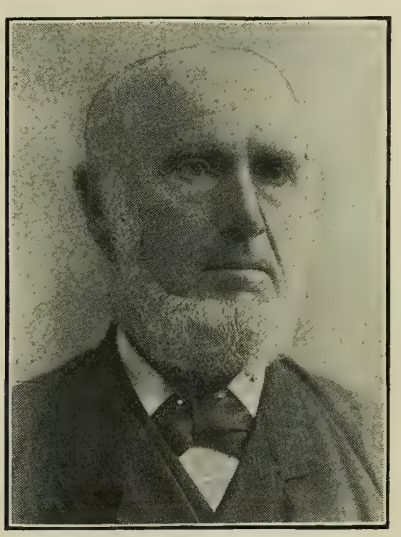
Hoffman then called at their house, and she and the entire family were soon afterwards converted.

This was the beginning of the Evangelical work in Brownstown, which spread in all directions, and which has grown into a flourishing charge.

CHAPTER XII.

PIONEER EXPERIENCES OF HARLACHER AND HAMMER.

Rev. Joseph Harlacher—Nativity—Rough Experiences in the West—Sleeps on a Bran Bag Pillow—Preaches in a Bar-room—Remarkable Experiences in Canada—Charlotte Bieber—Preaches from a Wagon and Starts a Revival—A Terrible Retribution—Hanged in Effigy in Berlin—Confusion of His Enemies—Rev. Charles Hammer's Experience in Ohio—Mrs. David Ressler, Far-reaching Providence—A "Hammer in Name and Effect—Snakes During Preaching!—A Model Horse Trade.



Rev. Joseph Harlacher.

Present day preachers, domiciled in a fine parsonage by the side of the church, reveling in such luxuries as steam heat,

electric light and telephones, can form no correct conception of the hardships of the pioneer preachers, by whose zeal and unwearied labors the comforts of the present day were made possible. A great many of our early preachers kept journals in which they recorded the progress of their work and the chief incidents of their life as they occurred.

The following incidents were furnished by *Rev. Joseph Harlacher,** just prior to his death, and cast into narrative form by the author of this work. In addition to their entertaining nature they illustrate in a marked degree the guiding hand of Providence.

SLEEPS ON A BRAN BAG PILLOW.

In the early part of his ministry in the north-west, as Harlacher was traveling to a distant appointment, he was overtaken by night. It was winter, and the weather was cold and disagreeable.

Upon arriving at a log cabin by the wayside he stopped and entered to seek shelter for the night. The man of the house was absent and the woman said she had no bed in which he could sleep.

Upon noticing the fire blazing so cheerfully upon the open hearth, the weary itinerant said he would be very well satisfied to spend the night at the fire if only his horse could be sheltered. To this the woman consented. The horse was comfortably stabled and a frugal meal was served. When the hour to retire arrived Harlacher lay down with all his garments on before the fire. As a substitute for his saddle-bags, the woman brought him a bag of bran for a pillow. On this humble bed the weary itinerant found refreshing slumber, and the following morning resumed his journey with cheerfulness.

PREACHING IN A BAR-ROOM.

When traveling on the northern frontiers, Harlacher was compelled to put up one evening at an inn for a night's shelter.

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*Rev. Joseph Harlacher was born near Lewisburg, Penna., in 1812. He entered the Eastern Conference in 1832; Founder of the Evangelical work in Buffalo, N. Y., Berlin, Canada, etc.; Presiding Elder 1851; Died at Naperville, Illinois, 1893.

The place was very small and the only place the preacher had in which to spend the evening was the bar-room, full of rough, profane, drinking men.

The sight of so much iniquity wrought powerfully upon the preacher, and he concluded to do a little missionary work, not only "in season," but "*out of season,*" (2 Tim. 4:2). With a prayer upon his lips he went to the landlord behind the bar who was dispensing intoxicating drinks to the crowd, and asked permission to read a portion of Scripture and make some comments thereon. Strange to say, the landlord said he had no objections. So Harlacher opened his saddle-bags, procured his Bible, selected a portion of Scripture suitable to the place, and occasion, and then proceeded to give an exposition of the same. He then exhorted the people to a life of sobriety and uprightness, and closed with a fervent prayer for all. There was no disturbance, but all gave good attention to the service. The next morning the preacher went on his way, happy in the thought that he had honored his Master in this peculiar manner.

REMARKABLE EXPERIENCES IN CANADA.

Joseph Harlacher served in 1840 and 1841, as one of the pioneer Evangelical preachers in Canada, and was the founder of some of the most flourishing churches in the Canada Conference.

His work was attended by many exhibitions of Divine Providence, especially in the manner in which entrance was gained into localities hostile to the Evangelical work. Just previous to going to Canada, Harlacher had served Lake circuit, in New York. Among his spiritual children there was a young woman named *Charlotte Jans,* who married a man named *Bieber.* The couple located in the wilds of western Canada, far removed from the Church work.

Thus far removed from the means of grace the woman's heart was filled with unutterable longing for the blessed seasons of grace she was wont to enjoy, and constantly prayed that through Divine Providence she might regain her lost privileges. Meanwhile her former pastor was assigned to the work in Canada, and lost no time in looking up his lost sheep.

After much inquiry the "settlement" was found and Harlacher sought out the home of Charlotte's father-in-law, with whom she resided. His arrival filled her cup of joy to overflowing. Although it was late in the afternoon when he arrived, the young woman insisted that he preach there that night. The missionary pointed out the lateness of the hour in which to gather a congregation, but the young woman declared *she* would manage that part. She at once engaged several boys in the neighborhood who quickly spread the news of the appointment with the result that a goodly number of people assembled that night to whom Harlacher preached with good effect. A society was formed here soon afterwards.

PREACHES FROM A WAGON AND STARTS A REVIVAL.

In traveling from one preaching place to another Harlacher was obliged to pass through a place called Petersburg, noted for its godless character. He was determined to obtain an entrance into that stronghold of the devil somehow. Having a woods meeting near Hamburg in October (1841), he announced that in two weeks he would preach in Petersburg in front of J. Ernst's tavern. The news spread far and near, and at the appointed time a vast multitude, some of whom had come a distance of twenty miles, were present. A number of friends had come from Hamburg in a wagon, and Harlacher, having no other way of elevating himself above the masses, ascended this wagon and from it conducted the services. His text was *"Behold, ye dispisers, and wonder, and perish; for I work a work in your days, a work which ye shall in no wise believe, though a man declare it unto you.* (Acts 13, 41). Harlacher preached with mighty power and the hearts of many were melted like wax before the flame. A prominent citizen of the place who had climbed into the wagon in order to hear the sermon, announced at the conclusion of the same that Harlacher could preach in his house, an invitation which the preacher accepted. This was the beginning of a glorious work in that place. The man who first opened his house to Harlacher was Father *Staebler,* who with his entire household were of the first members here. God signally honored his noble deed by calling two of his sons to the holy ministry, who rose to honor and distinction in the Church.

DIVINE RETRIBUTION.

The preaching of Harlacher in this region provoked much discussion among the settlers who were nearly all European Germans, and looked upon the doctrine of experimental religion as an innovation. Soon after the sermon in front of Earnst's tavern, two men, one a Protestant and the other a Catholic, hotly discussed the sermon in a tavern. The Catholic held that Harlacher preached false doctrine when he said that people must be converted, and be cleansed from their sins. Said he, "man is a sinner, and will stay a sinner till he dies." The Protestant on the other hand defended Harlacher's preaching. Said he, "Harlacher preached good doctrine, and all he said is in the Bible." Said the Catholic, *"That is not in the Bible. If you can find it there, then I will become blind!"* The Protestant, to make good his argument, procured a Testament and turned to 1 John, first chapter, and seventh verse, and read, *"But if we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."*

Completely worsted the Catholic snatched the Testament from the reader's hand and flung it into the stove where it was consumed. The wanton and wicked conduct of the man met with a terrible punishment at the hands of his God, as soon thereafter, according to his own declaration, his eyesight began to fail, and continued until he was totally blind, and reduced to penury.

As a sad sequel to his folly he was compelled to grope his way from door to door, and beg for the necessaries of life. Surely *"God is not mocked."* (Gal. vi: 7).

HANGED IN EFFIGY.

While Harlacher's labors in Canada were attended with great success, on the other hand it met with violent opposition at the hands of his enemies. On September 25, 1841, the first Evangelical church in Canada was dedicated in the town of Berlin. In later years this place became a stronghold of the Church, and was honored as the seat of the General Conference in 1903.

The enemies of Harlacher were deeply chagrined at his

success, and upon the dedication of the church at Berlin, determined to show their contempt for him in a public manner.

Some weeks after the dedication a number of his enemies erected a gallows on the main street near the centre of the town, on which they hung the effigy of a man stuffed with straw. On this they placed a placard bearing Harlacher's name, and many vile epithets pertaining to his work and character. On Sunday morning as the Evangelical people went to church they beheld their preacher *hung* in effigy. They then proceeded to cut down the false man which was taken away and burned by some boys. Harlacher was not present on Sunday, but the day following saw in the gallows, still standing, the proof of the hatred his plain preaching had inspired. Not content with this disgraceful deed his enemies now spread the report far and wide that Harlacher had actually *hung himself.* Newspapers were few, and mails were slow in those days, and a *lie* generally travels *fast,* hence we are not surprised that friends of Harlacher, upon hearing the report of his suicide, came from distant parts of his field of labor to Berlin to see for themselves. Notwithstanding all opposition, the Evangelical work in Canada moved on victoriously and resulted in the formation of one of the most prosperous conferences in the denomination.

HAMMER'S EXPERIENCES IN OHIO.

In the year 1832, Rev. Charles Hammer was sent by the Western Conference, to Wooster circuit, in Ohio. His appointments were far apart, and his travels led him through great stretches of unsettled country. The reports of his labors in that region abound with interesting incidents and experiences.

Once when traveling along the way in Tuscarawas County he was accosted by a woman who was a stranger to him, and who asked him whether he was not a preacher. When he answered in the affirmative, and as he made known his name and church, her joy and delight was unbounded. The woman was Mrs. Rachel Ressler, the wife of David Reesler, Evangelicals from Pennsylvania. They had moved into the wilds of Ohio some years before, where they had been de-

prived of the means of grace which caused them great sorrow. Upon her earnest solicitation Hammer agreed to preach at her home at a given time. In due time Hammer put in his appearance and preached at the Ressler home with the result that the place was taken up as a regular appointment. One son, *Jacob Ressler,* was called to a successful ministry, a substantial church was built, and the work spread into many localities and all this as the outcome of one woman's eager desire to hear the Gospel!

A "HAMMER" IN NAME AND EFFECT.

Hammer once preached at a place in Ohio in 1832, where there was a doctor who was very much opposed to the Evangelical work. This man came to Hammer's service on one occasion with the avowed intention to controvert his preaching. As a pun on the preacher's name he said, *"I will be the Hammer and he shall be the anvil."* The preacher was informed by friends of the doctor's presence and intentions, and told what course to take in order to thwart his design. The Lord gave his servant both light and liberty. Many hearts were melted to seriousness, and even the worldly wise doctor dared not open his mouth in opposition as he had boasted. At the conclusion of the service he came forward and greeted the preacher cordially, and then hastily left the house. He was afterwards asked why he had left the house so quickly and unceremoniously. Said he, *"I went there to be the Hammer, and he the anvil, but I found he was the Hammer and I was the anvil!"*

THE SNAKES CAME FORTH.

It is indeed difficult for the present generation to comprehend the primitive homes and humble surroundings of frontier life. The log cabins of the early days had no cellars, and very few of them had any floors. Such as had floors were often a source of trouble, as they became infested with rats and snakes, which were difficult to exterminate. In case of unusual noises or hammering on the floor these pests would be disturbed and often come out through holes in the floor into the room.

Hammer relates a circumstance that even now, after

three-quarters of a century, is enough to send a chill over a timid saint. On August 1, 1832, while he was preaching at a certain place in Ohio, a good sized serpent emerged from beneath the floor and crawled among the people. The reptile was dispatched without creating any disturbance, and the service was not interrupted. Presently another snake emerged and soon met the fate of the first. Hammer says the people were not in the least disturbed, but regarded it as a commonplace occurrence.

A MODEL HORSE TRADE.

Incidentally Hammer mentions an occurrence which reveals the tender heart of that *seemingly* gruff, stern, and much misunderstood man, Bishop Joseph Long. In the spring of 1833, as Hammer was about to return to his native Pennsylvania, he visited Long, who had been his presiding elder. Hammer's horse had become blind and was practically worthless, and endangered the life of its rider.

With deepest sympathy Long looked at the blind beast, and the distressed itinerant. Said he in his blunt way, "You can't travel with that horse—let him here and you take mine." The generosity of Long will appear when we say that *his* horse was a *first-class* saddle horse, and worth over three times as much as the blind horse. Of Hammer's offer to give "to boot" Long would not hear, but insisted on Hammer taking him, which as a matter of course the latter refused to do, and picked his way to Pennsylvania as best he could with his blind horse.

CHAPTER XIII.

ON THE FRONTIERS OF THE FAR WEST.

Rev. Israel Kuter—New Ulm Mission—The Sioux Indians—First Quarterly Meeting—A Scalp Dance—"Chee Hoo-Chee Hoo"—The Ministers Kuter-Lahr and Nerenz Go to See the Indians—"Cash Papa"—Kuter Trades Missionary Jewelry for Buffalo Robe—A Sunday Morning Surprise—Uprising of the Sioux Indians—Rev. Kuter's Narrow Escape—Terrible Massacre—Rev. L. Seeder and His Society Perish—Attack on New Ulm—Rev. A. Nerenz Killed—Biographical Note.

Rev. Israel Kuter.

On the 29th of May, 1861, the Iowa Conference met at Grandview, Louisa County, Iowa, to hold its first annual session. No other Conference in the Church was more exten-

sive in its bounds than this. It consisted of three presiding elder districts, namely, Iowa, Kansas and Minnesota. This narrative is connected with the latter district only. At this time New Ulm, in Brown County, on the Minnesota River, was on the frontiers. The Sioux Indians, the most powerful tribe of the Northwest, had reservations all around; the most advanced settlements of the whites being some thirty miles west. On the northeast side of the river in Nicollet County was Fort Ridgely, where a military force was quartered for the protection of the settlements. This region of country constituted New Ulm or Crow River Mission of the Iowa Conference; a large number of the members had moved thither from St. Paul. *Rev. Israel Kuter* * was the presiding elder of the district, and C. Lahr and Aug. Nerenz the preachers in charge of the circuit.

FIRST QUARTERLY MEETING.

In the autumn of 1861, Rev. Kuter held the first quarterly meeting for this frontier field at an appointment about thirty miles above Fort Ridgley. There were then some twenty-five families settled in that locality, nearly all of whom were members of the Evangelical Association. The attendance at the meetings was large, and the services spiritual.

The first night after his arrival here, Rev. Kuter's rest was disturbed by the dreadful howls of the savages in the distance, *"Chee Hoo*—CHEE HOO," the unearthly yell of the murderous Sioux, grated harshly on his ears until the morning dawned. Upon arising he inquired of his host the meaning of the savage orgies, and was informed that the Sioux had shot and scalped two Chippewa Indians and had celebrated the bloody event with a *Scalp Dance.*

The quarterly conference was held on Saturday forenoon,

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*Rev. Israel Kuter was born June 23, 1824, in Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania, and died at his home in Aurora, Illinois, Aug. 4, 1901. He was converted early in life, and was soon made a class leader. In 1851, he removed to Illinois, where he entered the Evangelical ministry in 1853. In 1860, he was elected presiding elder and placed on Minnesota District, which was then a frontier country. He served the district four years. He was again elected to the office in 1868, but resigned at the end of three years.

and in the afternoon the preachers Kuter, Lahr and Nerenz concluded to visit the Indian camp, which was indeed a dangerous undertaking, when they arrived at the river they found a number of squaws who offered to take them across to the camp on the opposite side for one *"Cash Papa,"* (10 cents), apiece. They accepted the offer, and each of the squaws took a minister in her canoe and ferried them across.

Upon landing, they first came to a place where a great number of blankets and robes were spread upon the ground, covered with green corn, beans, and other vegetables that were being dried for winter use. Advancing a little further they came to a large circle, in the middle of which stood a pole about thirty feet high, on which were suspended the scalps of the Chippewas, and around which they had held their blood curdling orgies the previous night.

Going a little further they came to the first *"teepee"* or tent, in front of which were sitting about a dozen warriors playing cards and smoking. Near them stood a barrel with a wet skin stretched across it, and on which an old Indian was drumming to the manifest delight of the group.

A great crowd of warriors, squaws and papooses, soon gathered around the ministers. Mr. Kuter, being dressed somewhat different from the others, became the special object of curiosity and inquiry of the savages. The visitors tried to make the Indians understand that they were ministers of the Gospel, but failed to convince them as the sequel will show.

KUTER BARTERS MISSIONARY JEWELRY.

It was quite common for the treasurers of the Missionary Societies to receive jewelry in lieu of money from members for the missionary cause, which the treasurers converted into revenue as best they could. Rev. Kuter being treasurer of the Missionary Society of the Iowa Conference, had with him at this time considerable missionary jewelry, which he determined to exchange for some of the Indian commodities. Kuter asked the Indians whether they had buffalo robes for sale, whereupon they answered "no." He then displayed his jewelry, decorating the squaws with breast-pins, ear and finger rings, etc., which made them almost frantic with delight. He

then gathered the jewelry again and was about to put it away when a squaw tapped him on the shoulder, saying *"Puck-a-Chee,"* and beckoning him to follow her, which he did. There were near a hundred "teepees" in a row, near the last one of which she entered. She soon appeared with a number of robes from which Kuter selected one. Upon asking the price, she made him understand that she wanted all the jewelry and added *"Cash papa"* and held up both hands seven times, which indicated seventy cents additional. After effecting an exchange it was deemed best to go, as the young Indians were returning from the chase. Going to the river again the preachers were again taken across for one *"Cash-papa"* apiece.

A SUNDAY MORNING SURPRISE.

The brethren held their meeting on Saturday evening without being disturbed, and little dreamed of the dangers which awaited them.

Early on the following Sunday morning the lady of the house came running in and said the Indians were coming up the river bank. In a few moments the house was surrounded by near a hundred dusky warriors on ponies, and all armed to the teeth. They inquired where that man was who had visited their camp the day previous. Reverend Mr. Kuter being pointed out to them, they inquired where the paper was that he had showed them. The people then again endeavored to make them understand that Mr. Kuter was a minister. It is quite evident, however, that they suspected him of being a government official. Suddenly, at a given signal they sprang upon their ponies, lying almost flat upon them, they disappeared with a wild yell in the underbrush.

When breakfast was ready two warriors, well armed, made their appearance, and demanded something to eat. After their hunger was satisfied they went out, and were supposed to have gone away. However, when the services opened at ten o'clock, the warriors again made their appearance, sitting down on the floor within a yard of Mr. Kuter, holding their guns in their hands, and keeping their eyes constantly fixed upon him. About the middle of the sermon one of the Indians spoke to the other, whereupon they both quickly arose and disappeared, seemingly satisfied that Mr. Kuter was "all right,"

and nothing further occurred to disturb his services during this visit.

UPRISING OF THE SIOUX INDIANS.

The autumn of 1862 will ever be memorable in the history of Minnesota because of the Indian uprising, and the dreadful slaughter of nearly one thousand of her citizens. This terrible butchery was caused, as has generally been the case, by the cupidity of the whites. It seems that according to their treaty, the Indians were entitled to an annuity from the government, payable in gold each year. Owing to the Civil War, which was in progress at this time, there was a heavy premium on gold. The government agents determined to profit by this at the expense of the Indians, drew the gold from the government, sold it at an enormous profit, and paid the Indians in *"greenbacks."* The Indians were not slow in discovering the fraud, and the result was a war that cost over fifteen hundred lives.

REV. I KUTER'S NARROW ESCAPE.

In the autumn of 1862, Rev. I. Kuter still being presiding elder, sent an appointment for a quarterly meeting to Rev. L. Seeder, who was in charge of the work above Fort Ridgley. For some reason Kuter could not go to fill his appointment, but wrote Rev. Seeder that he would come up in two weeks. This mishap saved his life as the sequel will show. Mr. Seeder went up to the appointment, about twenty miles above Fort Ridgley, and which was the same place where the incidents already narrated, took place, to preach, and announced the coming of the presiding elder in two weeks, instead of at that time, Sunday, August the 17th, as he was about to open the evening service, information was brought to the meeting that the Indians were on the war path. Rev. Seeder, nevertheless proceeded with the service. The next morning messengers arrived saying that whole families were being killed all around them. The fire of burning buildings was soon visible in all directions, and the war-whoop of the savages, and the cries of the perishing was heard on every side. The Evangelical friends were quickly collected together, three yoke of oxen were hitched to a large wagon loaded down with

women, children and old men. Others were on horseback, while some were on foot. Rev. Mr. Seeder headed this mournful procession in the direction of Fort Ridgley.

MASSACRE OF REV. L. SEEDER AND HIS SOCIETY.

After going but a short distance some Indians made their appearance, halted a moment and then deliberately shot Rev. Seeder. He fell forward and died instantly. The friends proceeded on their way, hoping the savages were now satisfied. They soon returned, however, and demanded money. The friends gave them half of all they had, after which the savages rode away, but soon returned and took all they had. Riding away again, they soon returned and demanded meat. The whites then unhitched a yoke of oxen and gave it to them. Then they demanded potatoes, whereupon the whites told them to go to their fields and take all they had. This was the signal for the horrible butchery that followed. The Indians then deliberately killed the men, who implored them to spare them. The children were killed next in the most shocking and heart-rending manner. Next the women were given their choice between captivity and death. All choose the latter fate but two, one of whom was the lady of the house where the incident occurred in connection with the visit of Rev. Mr. Kuter the year before. Thus perished almost the entire membership of this appointment, while some who were spared suffered a fate more horrible than death. During the massacre a sister with her two children secreted themselves among some bushes, and escaped the eyes of the savages. One of the children soon died of exposure. The mother dug a grave with her hands and buried it. For the space of three months she remained near this spot, subsisting on roots and berries, being afraid to venture far on account of the Indians. When she was found by the soldiers from Fort Ridgley, she and her child were almost dead, and the mere semblance of human beings.

ATTACK ON NEW ULM, AND DEATH OF REV. A. NERENZ.

The devastation of the country above and around Fort Ridgley was complete. All the settlers were either killed or driven away, and their homes were smouldering ruins. The

savages next concentrated at New Ulm. Here lived Rev. A. Nerenz, the colleague of Rev. Seeder. There was also a fine Evangelical congregation here. Hurried preparations were made to defend the town. No serious attack, however, was made, and many of the inhabitants fled from here to St. Peter's for safety. Among this number was Rev. Nerenz and family, and the family of Rev. Seeder. In the course of a few weeks the Indians retired from New Ulm, and many of the citizens, supposing the danger past, returned September 1st. Among the number was Rev. Nerenz and many of his people.

Their return, however, was untimely. The next day after his return, September 2d, Rev. Nerenz, who lived six miles east of New Ulm, was shot and instantly killed near his house by the savages. His wife was spared, but was warned to flee at once, a warning which she doubtless heeded immediately. A large number of the male members of the Evangelical society shared the sad fate of their pastors. Rev. Kuter, at this time, lived about fifty miles east of St. Peter's. Soon after the massacre occurred he went to St. Peter's to look after the families of Reverends Nerenz and Seeder. He found the court house there converted into a hospital, and full of wounded soldiers and citizens, among whom were a number of Evangelicals. Owing to the death of both preachers of New Ulm or Crow River Mission, the exact number of the members killed cannot be ascertained, but is estimated at about one hundred, including the children.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Rev. A. Nerenz, who was killed near New Ulm, was born in Prussia; emigrated to America in 1852; he was converted in 1853, and became a member of the Evangelical Association; he was licensed by the Wisconsin Conference in 1859; he left a wife and three children.

Rev. L. Seeder was born in Hanover, Germany, and came to America in 1846, and settled in Columbia County, Wisconsin; he was converted under the labors of Rev. L. Buehler, in 1856; he was a class leader two years; was licensed to preach in 1858, by the Wisconsin Conference; he also left a wife and three children.

CHAPTER XIV.

SOWING AND REAPING.

Blessed Fruits of Secret Prayer—The Great Revival at Orwigsburg—John Hammer, Esq. His Wayward Son Converted—His Secret Place of Prayer—Discovered by His Anxious Mother: Blessed Results—Biographical Notes—The Lord's Christmas Gift—A Minister's Marvellous Experience—A Wonderful Providence—The Specified Articles Sent—A Trick Played on a Minister—Its Providential Results—Threw Red Pepper in the Fire—He Paid for It!

Rev. Charles Hammer.

THE FRUITS OF SECRET PRAYER.

That blessings of a special and peculiar character come to the believer in consequence of secret prayer, is clearly taught by the Saviour. He says, *"When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly."*—(Matt. vi: 7).

The following incident illustrates the manner in which the All Seeing One often rewards His children:

From 1821 to 1824, the greatest local revival the Evan-

gelical Church has ever known, took place in Orwigsburg, and spread to many adjacent places. Orwigsburg was then the county seat of Schuylkill County. Many very prominent families were won for the Church. Among the trophies were at least seven young men who entered the ministry, most of whom became very prominent. Of the latter we may mention *Joseph M. Saylor,* the first class leader, and his brother, *Jacob Saylor, Francis Hoffman, Charles Hesser, J. P. Leib, Daniel Berger, Charles Hammer* and Bishop *W. W. Orwig.* The latter having attended the meetings as a boy during a visit of his parents to Orwigsburg in 1824, received such impressions as led to his conversion two years later.

Among the prominent men of Orwigsburg was *John Hammer, Esq.,* an elder in the Lutheran Church, and a leading merchant of the place. He had a large family of sons and daughters, most of whom were grown when the revival began. The entire family, with but one exception, were of the highest respectability, and moved in the very best social and religious circles of the town.

The exception was their oldest son, *John,* who, unfortunately, was wayward and dissipated to the great grief and sorrow of his parents.

The family was Lutheran in profession, but strangers to the experimental part of religion. The changed life of the converts of the great revival was so marked as to effectually stop all cavil against their professions. The great evangelistic spirit of the revival was the redoubtable John Seybert, who occupies such a prominent place in the history of the Evangelical Church.

The great change wrought in the life of other young men induced a hope in the heart of Mrs. Hammer that Seybert might exert a good influence on her son John.

One night as there was an appointment at the house of *Richard Rickert* for Seybert to preach, the anxious mother pursuaded her wayward son to attend the meeting. She said she would rather see him go to the *"Stravler"* meetings than sit at the tavern.

The young man followed his mother's advice with the result that he was brought under conviction for sin, and began

to seek salvation. The Sunday following, there was a prayer-meeting at the house of a Mr. Wilson, a colored brother, who lived in the outskirts of the town, at which J. M. Saylor, his former associate, but now converted, was also present. At this meeting young Hammer was led to a saving knowledge of Christ, after a long and severe penitential struggle. After his profession he shook hands with all present, and declared his purpose to serve the Lord regardless of consequences.

Because of his father's relations to the Old Church, and the disturbances his relations to the Evangelicals might cause in the family, young Hammer concluded to say *nothing* about it to his people, but simply *live* his religion. He believed this course would be more convincing than any thing he might say to them. The young man repaired daily to a warehouse in the rear of his father's store, where he spent a season of prayer and meditation.

Who else but a loving mother would be the first to detect the change in the life of a wayward boy? Mrs. Hammer's watchful eye was ever on her son. He no longer went to the tavern. He was thoughtful and serious, instead of trifling and profane as formerly. Then, too, the mother noticed his daily visit at the same hour, to the warehouse. What did he do there? was the query in her mind. Without mentioning her observations and purposes to anyone, she set to work to solve the mystery.

One day, after her son had entered the warehouse, she quietly followed, and secreted herself to await developments. She soon discovered that John had chosen a secluded corner as his *sanctuary*. Soon he was engaged in an earnest prayer, that to her was a revelation. It told her of his new relations, joys and experiences far more eloquently than anything she had ever heard of before.

Presently he began to pray for his father, mother, brothers and sisters, that the Lord would open their eyes, and enable them to see themselves as sinners, and bring them to the light of saving grace as he had been brought.

This prayer cut deeply into the most vital cords of her soul. She almost cried out in the anguish of her heart, but restrained herself so as not to disturb her praying son. Quiet-

ly gliding out of her hiding place the mother sought her husband to whom she told as best she could her strange adventure. "Is it possible," said she, "that our poor John whom we almost gave up for lost, has found something that *we* who profess to be good, have never known?" The parents both wept as they considered the strange incident, but this was only the *beginning.* They now approached John to tell of his experiences and encouraged him to continue and persevere in his new life. The secret prayer of John had wrought its work and God now rewarded him "openly." The mother sought the "new and living way," and was soon a spiritual companion to her son. The father then followed, and all the brothers and sisters. All of course joined the Evangelicals, which caused a great sensation in Orwigsburg.

THE LORD'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

"'Tis when thy heart is tried,
'Tis in thine hour of grief,
He standeth ever at thy side,
And ever brings relief."

When we read of the special providences of God in providing subsistence from unknown sources for His children, as given in His word, the skeptic may say, the stories are Jewish legends of thousands of years ago.

When, however, we read of instances *just as remarkable* in the history of Muller's Orphanage at Bristol, England, and

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Notes.—Father John Hammer, soon after his conversion, was made a local preacher. He died 1839, aged 66 years. Elisabeth, his wife, died 1837, aged 60 years. Three daughters married Evangelical ministers, namely: Elizabeth, wife of Rev. J. P. Leib; Sarah, wife of Rev. Charles Schnerr, and Susan, wife of Rev. Solomon Neitz. Rev. Charles Hammer, their son, was born Dec. 7, 1809; entered the ministry 1830; served as presiding elder, general Publisher, Supt. of Evan. Orphan Home at Flat Rock, O.; died at Cleveland, O., Jan. 2, 1887.

Richard Rickert and wife Christina, were the first in Orwigsburg to open their house to the Evangelical preachers in 1822. He died 1857, aged 83 years. Dinah, their daughter, became the wife of Rev. Jos. M. Saylor; Samuel, a son, was one of the seven young men who became ministers.

the hospital of Dr. Cullis at Boston, in America, actual facts and experiences confirm the word of God.

Equally strange and wonderful things have, and *still* happen, in the life of every true minister of the Gospel. There may come periods in a minister's life when with Jacob of old he says, "All these things are against me," but soon *like* Jacob, he sees the *"wagons"* with their rich stores of provisions, and his spirits are "revived." (Gen. xlv.).

The following remarkable instances of Divine help in time of need might be indefinitely multiplied from the experiences of living witnesses:

In 1853, a young Evangelical minister in Illinois, whose salary was but $85 a year, came home one day to find his patient, loving, little wife, weeping. This was unusual for her, as she was naturally of a cheerful and hopeful disposition. The minister then asked to know the cause of her trouble, and from a *worldling's* standpoint, soon found there was trouble enough. Said the little woman, "To-morrow is *Christmas,* and the next day is Sunday, and we have nothing in the house to eat." The preacher, too, was *penniless!* Said the husband, "Cheer up, I will go out *calling,* and perhaps the Lord will open the heart of some one to give me something." The minister started out making "calls" till sunset, but alas! no one but his God, and his little wife, knew that he was seeking *clubs* with which to beat the wolves of want from his door! As he turned homeward, he was almost in despair. His soul was in anguish, and he almost cried aloud, "Oh, Lord, thou who carest for the sparrow, wilt thou not care for thy poor children?"

But how could he go home with an empty purse to his wife, standing at an empty larder? All despondent he came home, and was met at the door by his wife all wreathed in smiles. "Guess what I've got!" she cried. He of course "gave it up." "What will you give me if I tell you," said she. "One-half," replied her spouse; whereupon the happy woman handed him *ten dollars,* nearly one-eighth as much as their entire year's salary.

She said a stranger called during his absence, and told her he had been to his church the previous Sunday, and was so well pleased that he felt like giving him a Christmas gift!

If "misfortunes never come singly" why should not the *opposite* be also true? We believe it *is* true.

That evening after a portion of the gift was expended in replenishing the larder, in prospect of Christmas, the happy pair were chatting about the sudden turn of affairs. It was now nine o'clock, and as they were thinking of evening prayers and going to bed, a knock was heard at the door. As the minister opened it he found one of his members who had been working out in the country during the week, standing at the door with a *turkey* in his hand. Said he, "I have brought him for your Christmas dinner." It was a monster gobbler.

Here now was a new cause of joy. *A turkey dinner at home.* The man went his way, and the preacher and his wife resumed the interrupted talk of the evening. Soon there was another ominous rap at the door. The preacher again responded and found a brother standing there with a big basket full of eatables. Said he, "It's a little late, but I just felt that I ought to bring you something for *Christmas!*"

THE SPECIFIED ARTICLES SENT.

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace,
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face."

The following remarkable occurrence we know to be true in every particular. The reader will note the *circumstantial manner* in which the needs were supplied. An Evangelical minister once came home from a country appointment to find his companion very much perturbed because of the low state of her culinary department.

Said she, "There is only a little bread, and no flour in the house with which to bake any more." After a while she said, "You may as well get some lard too, as I am out." A little later, supposing her spouse would go to the store and purchase the needed articles, she came to him with a broom worn to a stub, saying, "How do you expect me to sweep with a broom like this? Fetch a broom along, and some other things we are out of."

Alas! the preacher had no money, and besides this, he had already made grocer's bills to the extent that he could not

consistently ask for further credit. Utterly cast down and discouraged, the minister told his wife that the following day they would go out into the country among the members.

After partaking of the slim supper provided, he repaired to his room to meditate on the situation. Visions of *locating, book agencies, life insurance, school teaching, anything,* to make some money, flitted across his vision of the future. He got on his knees and tried to *pray,* but around him was an impenetrable gloom and the gates of prayer seemed closed. The poet probably meant him when he wrote—

"How many times discouraged
We sink beside the way!
Around us all is darkness,
We hardly dare to pray."

While sitting thus in his room with the gloom of Horeb settled over his soul, he heard subdued voices and footsteps on the porch below.

A gentle knock then announced someone at the door. As the minister's wife opened the door a sack of *flour* and a *broom* that had been placed against it, fell in. A number of ladies now filed in, the *first* one entering bore a crock filled with *lard.* It was simply a little "surprise party" that the *Lord* worked up that very afternoon when the preacher got to "the end of his string" as we say. To the skeptic who says the *need* and its early *supply* was a coincidence, and no proof of a superintending Providence, we may ask, How about the three articles, *flour, lard, broom?* To say that this was mere *chance* is the same as to say that two and two make four—*by chance!* This remarkable incident gave a new trend to the preacher's life. It was certainly remarkable to say the least.

GREAT RESULTS THROUGH A TRICK.

It is remarkable how human passions and wicked deeds are overruled by Providence and turned into blessings. We are not to suppose that these things are right, yet we see how God makes the wrath of man to praise Him (Psa. lxxvi: 10). A notable instance was the selling of Joseph by his brethren, which in the end was turned into a blessing, as through it

Jacob and his family, were preserved in time of famine. (Gen. xlv: 5-8).

The following occurrence affords, we think, a notable instance of this kind. Sometime prior to 1840, when Rev. Philip Wagoner resided in Brush Valley, Centre County, Pennsylvania, and served in the capacity of presiding elder, he once preached in his home neighborhood, in a school house. Having finished his sermon he walked down the narrow aisle exhorting sinners to repentance. As he was thus passing along, a young man named *George Weirick,* who was disposed to have some fun at the expense of the preacher, put his foot out into the narrow passage, causing the minister to fall, to the great amusement of the worldly-minded.

Instead of rebuking the young man, Wagoner proceeded on his way as though nothing had happened. Weirick, however, was not to go unpunished. His *conscience* put him under arrest. Day by day he thought on his rude, wicked trick, until he became so ashamed that he at last concluded to go to Mr. Wagoner and ask his pardon.

One evening the young man came to the home of Wagoner and unburdened his conscience-smitten heart. The good minister freely forgave him and exhorted him to lead a Christian life as the only safeguard against his sinful nature. The young man was much impressed with the admonition and soon thereafter in consequence was converted and united with the Evangelical Church. Young Weirick soon developed both talent and zeal, and in 1842 entered the ministry of the church. After only six years of service he was made a presiding elder in 1848, over the heads of many renowned veterans. Alas, that a life so full of promise should end so soon! After one year of service in this capacity, he was compelled to relinquish the work because of pulmonary trouble. He died at Milheim, in 1850, leaving hosts of spiritual children, and the memory of a work well done. Over twenty years after his death, a little boy whom he had left behind, was grown to manhood, and took his father's place in the ministry.

THE TABLES TURNED.

It sometimes happens that disturbers of religious meetings get more fun out of their pranks than they bargained for.

The following incident given the author by one of our departed fathers, who was personally acquainted with the circumstances, is not only amusing in character, but also teaches a useful lesson:

About 1828, there was a preaching service at the house of Bro. Jacob Paul,* near Stoystown, in Somerset County, Pennsylvania. The Evangelical people had been disturbed in their services frequently, and this particular service afforded an opportunity of getting even with the opponents.

During this service, a man whom we will call Mr. Green, entered the house and took a seat in front of the stove, the door of which was open. He was observed to throw a small package into the stove, although he made an attempt to disguise the act. The package contained pulverized Cayenne (red pepper), the effect of which was to cause an intolerable sneezing by the people. As soon as its effects became noticeable, the lady of the house quickly shut the stove door, which soon overcame the difficulty, and the service went on unhindered.

A short time thereafter Mr. Paul met Mr. "Green" and informed him that it would be to his interest to come and settle for throwing the red pepper in the stove, whereupon Green denied having committed the act.

Well, said Paul, if you did not do it, you have nothing to answer for, but come and see about it between this and Saturday, as at that time I am going to Somerset and see about the matter.

On the following Friday Mr. "Green" came to Paul's place, and after showing considerable embarrassment, said, "Well, how is it about the red pepper?" Said Mr. P., "Did you do it?" "No, I did not," said Mr. "Green" reluctantly. "Well then," said Paul, "There is nothing to settle, but tomorrow I am going to Somerset and see about it." After a long and painful pause Mr. "Green" at last said, "I guess I might as well confess, that I did do it." Mr. Paul then in-

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*Jacob Paul was elected leader of a class organized near Stoystown, Somerset County, in 1813, when he was but fifteen years of age. He was early licensed as a local preacher, and did yeoman service for the church. Later he removed to Tazwell County, Ill., where he died March 11, 1868, aged 71 years.

formed him that inasmuch as he had so stubbornly denied having done it, he would make him pay all the more. "Green" pled poverty, but all to no purpose. Paul's terms of settlement was the payment of fifty dollars. "Green" finally gave two notes, one of twenty-five dollars, payable in three months, and another of the same amount, payable in six months. When the first note became due, Mr. "Green" came to pay the same. Mr. Paul refused to accept the money, but informed him that his only object was to teach him a wholesome lesson. The entire sum was remitted on condition that "Green" thereafter attend the meetings, and conduct himself in a becoming manner.

CHAPTER XV.

SOME QUEER PREACHERS AND SERMONS.

Preaching Against the "Stravlers"—Rev. Fries and the Gramleys—The Famous "Prodigal Son" Sermon—Rev. Thomas Buck—Takes a Drastic Method of Curing a Fanatic—The Sermon with Seven Main and Twenty-one Sub-Divisions! Did Providence Frustrate the Infliction?—The Toper's Sermon—"Never Carry a Bottle, Pappy."

During the early period of the Evangelical work it was a very common occurrance for ministers of the old churches to preach sermons against the *"stravlers,"* as all revival people were called by their German opponents. The word literally means *"struggler,"* and was given in derision because of the penitential struggles of seekers after salvation.

The Evangelicals were often the indirect cause of trouble in many formal congregations. Frequently officers and members of such congregations came to Evangelical meetings and were converted. Instead of wisely permitting these people to exercise their new found experiences in their own church, they were often made the victims of persecution by both pastor and people, and there was no other alternative but to leave their church and fall in with the Evangelical people. These churches have learned a lesson by the mistakes of the past, and are now only too glad to retain them.

REV. FRIES AND THE GRAMLEYS.

The following incident is an amusing outcome of a great revival that took place in Brush Valley, in Centre County, Pennsylvania, in 1830-1832. The pastor of the Reformed congregation of Brush Valley, was the *Rev. Y. Henry Fries.* In the revival mentioned, some of the most prominent members of his church identified themselves with the Evangelicals. Among this number were three brothers named *Gramley,* who

were officers in his church, and heads of families. The parish of Fries extended over an area now embracing four counties, with a great many preaching places. With many of his people in Brush Valley going over to the "Albrights," Fries concluded that he would no longer serve that congregation. He accordingly preached a valedictory sermon in which he unmercifully scored the "Albrights" for causing the disturbed condition of this congregation. At the conclusion of the sermon he made the following thrust:—

"Gelt regiert die welt;
Dumheit Brush Valley,
Aber besonders die Gramley!

In plain English this is: *"Money rules the earth; Ignorance Brush Valley, but particularly the Gramleys!"*

This amusing expression traveled far and wide. Bishop Esher once told us that in his earlier days he heard it all over the West. In justice to the Gramleys we may say that facts are against the harsh criticism of the preacher. Brush Valley is an intelligent community and the Gramleys have ever been an honor to the Evangelical Church.

THE PRODIGAL SON SERMON.

About 1860 the Evangelicals had a very extensive revival in Lebanon County—we must not be too specific as to names and place—at which time many members of an old line church fell in with the Evangelicals. The pastor was naturally very much perturbed about it and concluded he would preach a sermon against the *"stravlers"* and win back his runaway members. The fact that such a sermon would be preached was heralded far and near, and at the appointed time the pastor had the largest audience of his life. Most of them had, of course, come out of curiosity to hear what he had to say. He announced as his text the parable of *The Prodigal Son.* We are quite sure no minister who has a proper regard for God's Holy Word would make such a farce of it as did this

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Note.—Rev. Yost Henry Fries was born in Germany, 1777, and died at his home in Mifflinburg, Pennsylvania, 1839. He was an earnest, active and influential man, and wielded a great influence in his day.

would-be spiritual guide. The following were the divisions of his subject, as given by one who heard it:

I. The *Father* personifies the True Church (viz., the church which the preacher represented).

II. The Prodigal Son represents the members who fall away to the *"Albrights"* and *"United Brethren,"* and other revival "sects."

III. By the *Swine* mentioned in the parable are meant the Mormons who live away out by the Dead Sea of the Rocky Mountains.

APPLICATION AND EXORDIUM.

The Prodigals must be brought back to the Father's House (the Church), where there is bread enough and to spare.

The question in our mind is what disposition the preacher made of the *"Elder Brother"* of the parable!

HOW THEY TRAINED YOUNG MINISTERS.

There is a vast difference in the treatment of young ministers at the present time as compared with the early days. This is the result of changed conditions. Many of the applicants for work were very illiterate, and it was necessary to have strict rules, which the officials often enforced in a manner which to us seems harsh and inconsiderate. One of the strictest disciplinarians the church ever had was *Rev. Thomas Buck,** whose stern countenance and remarkably sharp, piercing, black eyes, caused the timid to fear and the evil-doer to quail. Nevertheless, beneath the stern exterior was a hidden tenderness that made ample atonement for his outward harshness, as the following incident will show:

Once, when president of the conference, he exercised discipline over a young man in a manner that deeply wounded him, and caused him to leave the conference, determined to

*Rev. Thomas Buck was born in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, 1789, entered the ministry 1823, elected Presiding Elder 1828, President of General Conference 1839, Publisher 1842, died October 26, 1842. He was the father of Rev. S. T. Buck and Rev. H. W. Buck, of the Central Pennsylvania Conference.

quit the ministry altogether. Upon learning of this Mr. Buck was deeply grieved that his words should be taken to heart so seriously as to turn a young man from his life purpose. Mounting his horse at the close of the conference he started in pursuit of the young man, who had left two days before. After days of searching he finally found him, made amends for his harshness, and in a tender, fatherly spirit, counseled and encouraged him, and succeeded in saving him for the ministry. The folloiwng incident will illustrate the manner Buck employed to straighten out the kinks in a somewhat cranky young preacher.

Once, when he was presiding elder, Buck had under his charge a young man who was tainted with the notion that by pursuing a certain course of life and partaking of a certain diet, he could arrive at *physical* as well as *spiritual perfection.* It is quite evident that this foolish notion which showed itself in every meal he ate, as well as in his sermons and daily life, made him seem odd in the eyes of everybody, and marred his usefulness. The course B. took to cure him was altogether *original.* He once held a quarterly meeting on the charge of which the young man was the junior preacher. At such meetings it was then customary for the junior preacher to preach the first sermon. Arriving at the meeting, Buck curtly said *he* would preach the first sermon instead of the young man. In this sermon he cut the young man's fine spun theories of physical perfection all to pieces. After this he commanded the young man to stay right by him and do exactly as he bid him to do. When they went to the table to eat, Buck made the young man sit by his side, helped him to victuals far too gross and unholy for his pretended perfection theories. The young man shrank from the "unclean" stuff the old elder dished out to him, but to no avail. Said Mr. B., "Paul says, *Whatsoever is set before you, eat, asking no question for conscience sake.*" (1 Cor. 10:27.) Greatly disgusted, the young man was made to eat the food of common mortals! After family prayers were said and the time came to retire for the night, the elder took the young man with him as a bed fellow. Buck divested himself of his garments and went to bed, but the young man had his "private readings and pray-

ers," etc., to perform. Soon he was startled by the sharp voice of Buck, who said, *"Young man, we have had our family worship and you don't need anything special, so strip off and get to bed and act like other people."* Suffice it to say that the drastic measures of the elder brought back the young man to his normal senses, and he became in the end a prominent and useful minister.

HIS SERMON DIVISIONS.

In 1873, the author attended an Evangelical camp-meeting where a certain young man was appointed to preach one evening. The weather was heavy and threatening; still there was a good congregation. The fact that we had no tabernacle, prevented us from hearing (judging from the number of divisions) the greatest sermon of that camp-meeting! The young man announced his text, and then gave a rambling talk of perhaps ten minutes. At last he opened up on his text. Said he, *"My sermon is divided into seven main divisions and twenty-one sub-divisions."* The preachers on the stand nudged each other, and winked suspiciously, while the good brethren and sisters in the audience smiled. Scarcely had the young man made this announcement, when a sudden dash of rain caused confusion, and the young man hesitated to launch his sermon. The presiding elder now arose and quieted the people by saying that it was only "a little spritzer" and would soon be over. In a few minutes the "spritzer" was over and quiet was restored. The young man, who had taken his seat, again arose and said he would try again. Said he (the second time), *"My sermon is divided into seven main divisions and twenty-one sub-divisions."* Hardly had these words fell from his lips when the rain began in earnest, and everybody ran for shelter. This ended the service. The young man was not put up again during the camp-meeting, and a few weeks later abandoned the ministry.

It may not be true, but some people saw a connection between the rain and the propesed infliction of a sermon consisting of *seven main,* and *twenty-one sub-divisions.*

THE TOPER'S SERMON.

In March, 1860, the Central Pennsylvania Conference

was held in Williamsport, Pennsylvania. On the day previous to the opening of the session a number of the ministers were en route to the seat of conference, on the Pennsylvania Railroad. The following instructive incident occurred in the vicinity of Sunbury, and was witnessed by a number of the clerical brethren, among them Bishop Orwig, who presided at conference. We will let an eye witness tell the story.

"In the car with us, and almost directly opposite each other were two friends of *Bacchus*. The one, a wine dealer, was a moderate drinker, somewhat advanced in years, and as corpulent as wine could well make him; the other, a raftsman, we judge, was a man of some thirty years of age, of good build, excellent common sense, and a ready speaker, but accasionally drinking to excess, or as he remarked to Bro. Wolf,* "Acting the fool and exposing himself.

After we had traveled some little distance, our good friend, the wine dealer, commenced his lunch, and interspersed it here and there with heavy draughts from a long-necked wine flask. Closely watched by the young raftsman, his craving was aroused, and he could endure it no longer; so going over he begged for a *taste*. This was denied him; whereupon he sobered up and gave the old man such a lecture as I judge he never had before, and desires never to have repeated. But for the speech, or as I rather choose to call it, the sermon. "Pappy, never carry a bottle. I tell you, pappy, you're a worse man than I am. I'll let it to any man in this car whether it isn't just so; I'll let it to that gentleman over there, that gentleman with the spectacles,† and I judge he is a preacher. You see, pappy, I go to the tavern and get a drink, and carry all in my belly; but you make your big belly full, and carry a bottle besides. Now, isn't that so? Ain't you a worse man than I am? Pappy, take a stranger's advice, never carry a bottle. You see, pappy, the difference is just this: You're rich and I'm poor; you can afford to carry a bottle, I can't. You take it by degrees, I all at once. I expose myself, you don't. But you drink more than I do. I'll warrant you drank just ten

*Rev. Simon Wolf, Agent for Union Seminary.

†Bishop W. W. Orwig.

times as much as I did to-day. Why if I'd put a spigot into your big belly, I could tap out a few hogsheads. You see, pappy, you're in danger. Take a stranger's advice, never carry a bottle."

The old gentleman felt ill at ease, and desired him to take his seat; but it availed nothing. He continued: "No, pappy, I can't. You see you're a worse man than I am, and I feely it my duty to warn you and advise you. Pappy, just think of all the money you spend for wine! How many silk dresses you might buy for your wife and daughters! How many loaves of bread you might give to the poor! How much suffering and want you might stop! How many poor young men you might help along in business; how much good you might do to the world with all that money. I tell you, pappy, take a stranger's advice and never carry a bottle! And, pappy, you see our time is coming—you and I must die. We can't help it; *die we must;* and, judging from the way you look and the way you drink, I should expect you to go first. Yes, pappy, by and by the time will come, and then, when you are lying on your bed and your friends standing around you, and the big Bible open before you, then your money won't help you; then your wine won't help you. Pappy, take a stranger's advice, never carry a bottle! And, pappy, by and by your wine will get you so bloated that you can't walk any more. You will have to get one of these machines to carry you around, and then you'll still drink on and get so bad that you'll have to stay in the house and lie on the bed. Then, pappy, I want you to think of these things. I want you to think of the fool you met in the railroad car, and of the advice he gave you; for one can learn something from every fool one meets, if you only let him talk to you. Take a stranger's advice, pappy, never carry a bottle. Now, pappy, I'll tell you what I'd do, if I were in your place and were as bad as you are: As soon as I'd get out of this car I'd take that bottle and smash it on a rock; or else I'd carry it home and put it on the uppermost shelf, where I could always see it, and then, whenever I would look at it, I'd say, 'Well, there's that bottle that was going to lead me to ruin if I had not stopped carrying it.' Pappy, take a stranger's advice, and never carry a bottle."

Many other such things did the toper say to the tippler. The old gentleman changed his seat once, but our friend followed him up, determined, as he said, to warn him, because he was a worse man than he was. At length our sermonizer came to his stopping place, so going up to the old gentleman, he bid him an affectionate farewell in the words—"Well, pappy, you see I must leave you, good-bye. Don't forget; take a stranger's advice, never carry a bottle." And even after he had left the car, he popped his head into the door and cried out, "Well, good-bye, pappy, good-bye; take a stranger's advice, never carry a bottle." And away whizzed the car and left us all to our own reflections, the old gentleman included. I hope he may have profited by the good advice. If this helped nothing, I give him up for lost."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SPIRIT OF EVANGELICAL WOMEN.

Hardships of Preachers' Wives—Mrs. Rev. Francis Hoffman—Would Not Allow Her Husband to Locate—Mrs. Rev. George Miller—Saves Her Husband for the Ministry—Susie Mook Becker—Willing to be Burned for Christ's Sake—Lena Walter,—She Prays With a Sword Flourished Over Her Head—Rowdies Invade the Altar—They Drag a Young Woman Through a Window—Her Conversion and Glorious Death—One Whom the Rowdies Did Not Get—A Family Crisis—Mrs. Maize—Frightened at a Meeting—Leaps Out of a Window.

HARDSHIPS OF PREACHERS' WIVES.

Too much credit cannot be given the *wives* of the early Evangelical preachers for the loyal support they gave their husbands in their arduous work. In the early days the traveling preachers, some years, did not make their actual traveling expenses. No matter how much an individual preacher received, at the conference session an average of all was made, and each man received that amount. The lowest salary recorded for any one year, was in 1821, when it was $26.66. Pray, how could a man support himself and his horse, traveling almost every day for a whole year, on this pittance? But what of the itinerant's family? Who supported them? As a rule the burden fell on the *wife's* shoulders. When the salary did not reach the expenses, it was a great temptation to leave the work; and in this way many useful men were lost to the ministry. Of those who continued many owed their ministerial career to their devoted wives, who would not suffer them to retire when the hour of temptation came.

MRS. REV. FRANCIS HOFFMAN.

Father Francis Hoffman,* of blessed memory, who spent *sixty years* in the ministry, once related to us his experience along this line. In his early life he was well acquainted with Mr. Leary, the second-hand book merchant of Philadelphia, who amassed a great fortune at that business. Because of his inadequate support in the ministry, he held under consideration a proposition by Mr. Leary to join him in his business. Hoffman's prospects in the ministry for the future looked most discouraging. He was not making expenses, and so concluded he would go into business. When he informed his wife of his purpose she at once vetoed the project. Said she, "The Lord has helped so far, and He will make a way for the future." Hoffman was the owner of two houses, which he had acquired through his pre-ministerial industry and his wife's inheritance. To continue in the ministry he found it necessary to sacrifice these properties and use the money to keep them going. Several times he wanted to stop preaching for a while, in order to save their property; but to all such designs his heroic wife put her stern and uncompromising *veto*. As Father Hoffman related these trying experiences to us, his wife, with a smile, interposed, *"Yes, Bro. S., it was a little hard for us, but we were happier and better off than if we had quit."*

MRS. REV. GEORGE MILLER.

One of the co-laborers of the founder, Rev. Jacob Albright, was Rev. George Miller,† and upon whose shoulders Albright's mantle fell at his death in 1808. This useful man was once saved to the ministry through the courage and devotion of his wife, who was *Magdalena Brobst,* the daughter

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*Father of Rev. E. A. Hoffman, the composer, whose songs are sung all over the world, and whose wife, Mrs. Sue Orwig Hoffman, is the subject of a memoir in this work.

Father Hoffman entered the ministry in 1826, from which year till 1840, he only received a total of $627.77, an average salary for fourteen years of $40.29.

†Rev. George Miller was born at Pottstown, Pa., 1774, and died at New Berlin, Pa., 1816.

of a rich iron-master of Albany, Berks County, as elsewhere noted in this work. Mrs. Miller was a heroine. Disowned by her rich father because she became an Evangelical, she bore with singular fortiutde not only the bitter persecution of her father, but the hardships of an itinerant's wife, as it fell to her to till their little farm and support the family. Mr. Miller entered the traveling ministry in 1805, under many discouragements. In his case, the old adage that *"misfortunes never come singly,"* was literally true, and yet through all his trying experiences, his wife was a never failing support. We will give an instance of this noble woman's helpfulness to her husband, as she related the circumstances to a friend, who a half century later, gave it to us.

One dark and stormy night, as Mrs. Miller and her children were in bed, she was startled by the call of her husband outside, who asked to be let in. She arose and unlocked the door, only to find that he had come afoot from a distant point, *hungry, tired* and *completely discouraged.* As he sank into a chair he burst into tears as he told his wife of his misfortunes. His horse had died and he was penniless and unable to purchase another. He had decided to retire from the ministry and resume his trade. Here was a *crisis,* but the spirit of Mrs. Miller was equal to the emergency. The good woman comforted him, gave him nourishment and put him to bed, telling him that when he was revived they would talk matters over concerning the future. Mrs. Miller, like many women of her day, was an expert at spinning and weaving. Unknown to her husband she had industriously plied her wheel and loom, to prepare against just such an emergency. The next day Mrs. Miller brought to her husband a considerable amount of fine linen which she had woven. This she told him to take to Reading and sell, and with the money buy another horse and continue his God-given work in the ministry. This he did. Eternity only can measure the far-reaching results of this act of self-sacrificing devotion! Such a wife is an unspeakable blessing to any husband.

WILLING TO BE BURNED FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.

In the early days of the Evangelical Church there lived near the Beaver Dam, now Adamsburg, Snyder County, Penn-

sylvania, a family named Mook. Father John Mook became a supporter of the Founder of the Church, Jacob Albright, as early as 1803. He had a large family of sons and daughters, some of whom were of the first members of the Church. A son *Samuel* became a minister in 1817.

In the first quarter of the century, a daughter, *Susan,* who was very pious and devoted, married *Philip Becker,* a young man of good parentage, but who belonged to one of the formal churches of that time. This was in the day of bitter persecution, when even the *life* was threatened of those who preached and professed experimental religion.

"Susie" Mook, in common with many other pious young men and women, met the troubles and heartaches that come to those who are "unequally yoked together with unbelievers." Her husband, soon after their marriage, strictly forbade her attending the Evangelical meetings, which were her joy and delight. She, however, stoutly refused to submit to his cruel deprivation of her means of grace. Their domestic difficulties finally came to a crisis. She was about to start for an Evangelical prayer-meeting, to which her husband objected. She, however, expressed her determination to go. He then informed her that if she did so, *he would build a fire in the bake-oven and burn her alive upon her return.*

Knowing fully his deadly hatred for the Evangelicals, and his hasty, passionate and determined nature, she well realized her danger. In the name of God she went to the prayer-meeting, where she made known her danger and requested the prayers of the friends that God might restrain the wrath of her husband and turn him from his wicked purpose. The meeting over, a number of the friends accompanied her home, to protect her if necessary. When they reached the top of a small hill near the house, they beheld the smoke issuing from the oven in the yard, and the gravest consequences were apprehended.

In Jesus' name they advanced to the house, to suffer the worst, if need be, for Christ's sake. Coming to the door, they were startled by a peculiar noise inside. They found Becker in the situation in which Annanias found *Saul of Tarsus,* when he went down to Damascus to persecute God's people,

and the hand of God stopped him in his mad course. Of Saul it was said, *"Behold, he prayeth."* So, too, our would-be murderer and persecuter of God's people was found praying! It seems while he was building the fire in the oven, with the actual intention of burning his wife, the prayers of the little band went up to heaven that his madness might be turned away, a deep conviction of his folly and the great wickedness of his purpose seized hold of him. He repaired to the house and betook himself to prayer for mercy, in which situation the people found him upon their arrival. The sequel is soon told. All hands joined in his plea for pardon. He was *saved* and joined the Evangelical society to which his wife belonged. The family were pillars in the church for very many years, and finally died in a good old age, and are buried in the Evangelical burying ground at the Baker church, three miles north of McClure.* Surely, "God will make the wrath of man to praise him," as His Word declares.

AT THE SWORD'S POINT.

One of the first men to open his house as a preaching place for Rev. Jacob Albright, the Founder of the Evangelical Church, was *Peter Walter,* of Rockhill Township, Bucks County, Pennsylvania. He was class-leader of the first class organized by Albright, in 1800, and his son *John* became Albright's first assistant in 1802. Father Walter had a large family, all of whom were prominent in the early Evangelical Church.

Among the daughters of Father Walter was *"Lena"* (Magdalena), whose deep piety and devotion was well known throughout the entire Evangelical connection. With her piety was coupled a courage of the kind shown by the *martyrs* of old, as the following incident shows: In the year 1804, when still young and unmarried, she attended a meeting at Solomon Miller's, in Albany, Berks County, about twenty miles from her parental home. During this meeting, in company with many other women, she was engaged in prayer in a room on

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*Philip Becker, born 1788, died 1865.

Susan (Mook) Becker, born 1794, died 1859.

the second floor of the house, when an old man, named *Brobst,** father-in-law to Solomon Miller, and who was a most bitter opponent of the Evangelical work, broke in upon them with a sword in his hand.

Brobst was a rough and most violent man, and knowing his bitter hatred against the Evangelical work, there were good grounds to fear that in his anger he might cause bloodshed. Coming among the women, he terrified them by flourishing his sword and threatening their lives. While his passion was at its highest point and his language most terrible, young Lena Walter withstood him face to face. She dared him do his worst. She told him they were in the hands of God and engaged in His service, and unless God willed it, he could do them no harm. She told him, moreover, that they would not cease their work because of his threats and opposition. Saying this, she called to her companions to join her in prayer and supplication for their persecutor. The women then betook themselves to God in prayer. The old man was brought to reflection, and his tempest of passion was subdued. Withdrawing quietly from the room, he started homeward. He afterwards confessed that he was much ashamed of his conduct, and had wept and prayed over his rash act.† This devoted young woman afterwards married a man named Douglas, and removed to Fishing Creek Valley, Dauphin County, where she died.

INVADING THE PENITENTIAL ALTAR.

In the early days of the revivalistic churches in America, tumultuous scenes were frequent during revival exercises. Penitents were often forcibly seized by their friends and taken away from the penitential altar. These captures were

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*Michael Brobst was quite wealthy, and proprietor of the Albany Iron Works. Besides the daughter married to Rev. Solomon Miller, another (Magdalena) was married to Rev. George Miller, who succeeded Albright to the leadership of the church, 1808. Brobst had been an officer in the Revolution, and was very much embittered because most of his children became Evangelicals. In 1806 he attempted to kill his son-in-law, Rev. George Miller—*vide "Miller's Leben,"* p. 107.

†"Miller's Leben," p. 78.

generally accomplished by organized parties who, one by one, invaded the altar, without attracting attention, and then at a given signal they would seize the penitent and carry them away bodily. Besides the following interesting cases, the reader will find others noted in this work.

THEY TOOK HER OUT THROUGH THE WINDOW.

Father Saylor told us that during the great revival at Orwigsburg (1821-1824), as he once held a prayer-meeting at the house of Jonathan Wynn, a young woman named *Phillipina Huntzinger,* who was one of the belles of the town, and a great favorite among the young men, was present. She had felt a concern for her soul for some time and was induced by some converts to attend this meeting. As Saylor exhorted in an earnest manner, the young woman began to weep and lament, and soon fell upon her knees in agonizing prayer for her soul's salvation. In some way the news got among the young men that their favorite was among the *"Stravlers,"* and a party was quickly made up to rescue her. Some of them made their way into the meeting and seized her, but the Evangelicals quickly blocked their way to the door. Finding the way out closed, a confederate from the outside raised a window, and the young men dragged her out in that way. The triumph of her admirers was, however, short-lived. She was *in earnest* about her soul's salvation. She went to the meetings at her first opportunity and was gloriously saved, and became a most exemplary member. Soon after her conversion she was married into the Hammer family, one of the most prominent in the Evangelical denomination, and died a most triumphant death.*

THEY DID NOT GET HER.

The following incident will show how an attempt to rescue

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*This amiable lady was the daughter of Jacob Huntzinger, Esq. She was born in 1806, and married Joseph Hammer, a brother to Rev. Charles Hammer. She died May 16, 1836, aged 30 y., 8 m. and 22 d. When dying, she exclaimed, "Why, I am in Heaven—Jesus, Jesus, palms of victory," and with her face lit up with a heavenly glow, she expired. (See "Ch. Botschafter," Vol. 1, p. 48.)

from the supposed magical power of the *"Stravlers,"* a sin-sick and penitent soul, failed.

In 1821, at a camp-meeting held at Philip Breitenstein's, three miles south of Lebanon, Pennsylvania, a stylishly dressed young lady was awakened under the preaching of the noted John Seybert(afterwards Bishop). Falling upon her knees at her seat, she prayed most earnestly for the pardon of her sins. Her conduct brought consternation to her unconverted companions at the camp, and immediate steps were taken to seize her and drag her away. Their purpose, however, was anticipated by the camp-meeting people, who quickly gathered in a compact mass around her, thus forming an impenetrable cordon. Thus surrounded by her praying friends and protected from unconverted invaders, the young woman plead most earnestly. The mighty power of God swept like an overwhelming wave over this praying mass. All were wonderfully blessed, and the penitent gloriously saved at the same instant.

A FAMILY CRISIS.

In the year 1829, when Henry Niebel and W. W. Orwig traveled Lebanon Circuit, in Pennsylvania, they extended their work into the Schwenkfelder * settlement, at a place called *"the Hosensack,"* in the lower part of Lehigh County. On one occasion as Orwig, who was then but a mere youth, was preaching very earnestly in a small house in this locality, a prominent Schwenkfelder, named *Carl Yeakel,* was brought under conviction, and eventually converted. His wife, however, was most bitterly opposed to his course, and did all she could to prevent his going over to the Evangelicals. Despite his wife's opposition, Yeakel determined to follow the path of duty regardless of consequences, and immediately after his conversion began family worship. The wife now declared that she would not tolerate her husband's Evangelical practices, and in case he did not desist, she would forsake home and family.

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*Followers of the Reformer Casper von Schwenkfeld, of Silesia. They were greatly persecuted, and in 1734 came in a body to Pennsylvania. (See Penna. Col. Records, Vol. iii., p. 568; also Kriebel's History of the Schwenkfelders, pub. 1904.)

A crisis in their family affairs was now reached. What was to be done? The family, besides the parents, consisted of five children: the oldest, a girl of only fourteen, and the youngest, also a girl, was a little child; the three others were boys. The father, eventually, decided to remain true to his religious convictions, and the mother, equally determined in her opposition, forsook her family. We need not follow this unhappy episode in its many painful details, which of itself would fill a volume. The daughter, *Sarah,* born June 4, 1817, took the place of her mother. The children remained true to the interests of the father, and, one by one, followed his example in the profession of Evangelical faith. Moreover, God set his seal of approval to their course, by calling two of the sons * to a high and honored ministry. *Seventeen* long, weary years passed by, and the parents were getting old, when one day, as Mr. Yeakel was at work in the field, the self-exiled wife returned to the home and was again received. She, of course, submitted to the Evangelical order in the family, but never became a member of the church.

SHE SPRANG OUT OF THE WINDOW.

A short distance east of New Berlin, Pennsylvania, lived *Michael Maize,* who was one of the first to receive Rev. Jacob Albright and his co-laborers in that region, in 1803 or 1804. In 1805, before there was a class established at that place, the eloquent Rev. John Walter,† Albright's first assistant, preached

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*The ministerial sons were Rev. Jesse Yeakel, born 1820, died 1895. Entered the ministry 1848. He was for many years presiding elder in the East Pennsylvania and Atlantic Conferences.

Reuben Yeakel, born 1827, died 1904. Entered the ministry 1853. Elected successively Corresponding Secretary of the General Missionary Society, Editor Sunday-School and Tract Literature, Bishop 1871-1879, thereafter Church Historian, Editor, etc.

The parents, Carl Yeakel, born 1788, died 1874; Susanna Yeakel, born 1793, died 1877.

†Rev. John Walter, Albright's first co-laborer, was born in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, August 13, 1781. He entered the ministry in 1802. He broke down in health in 1813, retired from the active service, died Dec. 3, 1818. He published the first Evangelical Song book in 1810.

on one occasion at the house of Maize, when the wife of his younger brother, *John Henry Maize,* who lived in New Berlin, was present. Mrs. Maize, who was then a young woman, attended the meeting out of curiosity, like many others. She was a member of a church, but knew nothing of experimental religion, and believed the "Albrights" were fanatics. This, her first visit to an Evangelistic meeting, was the surprise of her life. Walter preached a powerful sermon, so that many people were overcome by their feelings. Some fell on their knees and cried aloud for mercy. Mrs. Maize was greatly frightened at the tumult and excitement, and tried to get out of the room, but found it impossible. Upon finding escape by the door cut off, she hoisted a window near where she was sitting, through which she made her exit. Although she had escaped from the meeting, she could not escape from the *Holy Spirit.* Her heart was wounded, and only the Great Physician could heal it. At a subsequent meeting she was wonderfully saved, and through her, her husband. This godly couple raised a large family of sons and daughters, all of whom became members of the church. One son, Michael F. Maize, in 1833, entered the Evangelical ministry.

CHAPTER XVII.

INCIDENTS FROM EVANGELICAL CHILD LIFE.

'Squire William Baker—He is Fined for Shouting—Little Amanda Kinsloe—Sleeps at Baker's and Dreams—Its Strange Fulfillment—A Happy Ending—Memories of the Mossy Plot—Rev. John Seybert's Method of Work—Chorister Achenbach—The Twins' Prayer-Meeting—Strange Conversion—Little "Lovie" Left Alone—Eighty Years on the Way!

Mrs. Amanda Kinsloe Wagner

HON. WILLIAM BAKER.

In our "Evangelical Annals" prominent mention is made of Hon. William Baker,* This father in Israel was a pillar in

*William Baker, Esq., was born July 12, 1765, and died September 26, 1863. When a boy of sixteen years of age he enlisted in the War of the Revolution, and served to its close.

the church in the early days. His house was a preaching place for Albright, the Founder of the Church, as early as 1803. He was a fine scholar in both the English and German languages, and in his office as Justice of the Peace for very many years wielded a strong influence in favor of the Evangelical cause. Before relating a pleasing incident in which the hand of Providence was clearly displayed, we will tell of some of the 'Squire's peculiarities.

'Squire Baker was a *great shouter,* and his shouting was extraordinary. He had a sharp, shrill voice, and when he shouted there was generally great commotion in the meetings. His peculiar expression when shouting was *"Feuer—feuer—Das feuer Gottes fallt vom Himmel."* ("Fire—fire—The fire of God is falling from Heaven.") Then, too, in addition to this peculiar cry, he had a habit *of pulling his hair* whenever he shouted; hence, on such occasions he was sure to raise an excitement where his peculiarities were not known.

In the early part of the century, when the Evangelical Church was still in its infancy, the 'Squire attended court at New Berlin, then the county seat of Union County. There was a very important case on trial, which had been appealed from his decision, and which involved moral principles which he hoped and prayed would triumph. The pious 'Squire consequently closely watched the case through all the arguments, down to the charging of the jury. In a short time the verdict was rendered, the right triumphed, and the moral aspects of the case were upheld according to his findings. This was more than the 'Squire could stand without a demonstration. Soon his fingers were run up into his long hair, and then came the *inevitable* and insuppressible *"Feuer—feuer—Es Feuer Gottes fallt vom Himmel."* Considerable excitement followed as a matter of course, and the court considered the affair as casting a shadow on the dignity of law and order. While the Judge felt like passing over the 'Squire's demonstration of joy, the fact that he had used the word *"fire"* in a public assembly, in a way calculated to raise a false alarm and ocacsion a tumult, his honor could not pass by. A fine of *five dollars* was imposed, which the 'Squire at once paid down. While this ended the affair in the civil court, the case was continued in the

great court of public opinion. People generally thought the fine very unjust. Attention and sympathy was more or less directed to the struggling Evangelicals; and there are people still living who have heard the old 'Squire say it was the *best* investment he ever made with five dollars.

THE PATHEIC STORY OF AMANDA KINSLOE.

In the year 1854, a young girl, twelve years of age, who was employed as a domestic at Penn's Creek, four miles above New Berlin, undertook a journey on foot to her parents at Lewistown, Pennsylvania, a distance of over forty miles. This girl, whose name was *Amanda Kinsloe,* was of humble parentage. Her people being very poor, she was put out to service in early childhood, without any school or religious advantages. Little Amanda made this long and difficult way alone, and yet not alone, as the sequel proves. After traveling half the distance, darkness overtook her. Being a stranger she knew not what to do. On Red Oak Ridge she halted at a farm house and was met by an old man, of whom she asked permission to remain for the night; which request was granted.

This man was 'Squire *William Baker,* whom we have noted. That night the little traveler had a sweet and pleasant dream. She dreamed that she was on a journey, and came tired and hungry to a country home, where she was met by an aged man. The people were so kind and good to her and took her as their own child, and she remained with them and lived with them in the enjoyment of happiness and plenty.

The little traveler was much impressed with the dream, and in the morning resumed her journey, after receiving the blessing of Father Baker. Reader, mark the gentle leadings of Providence! The dream—the family prayers—and the patriarchal blessing—awoke in the young girl's heart an earnest desire to be saved. Her people were godless, and her moral training had been neglected. She yearned for such a home as she had dreamed of, and such a life as she believed the Baker family led.

One day she told her mother of all these strange experiences and feelings, but was met with stern rebuffs and forbidden to attend any Evangelical meetings. After prayerful

consideration, the young girl determined to follow the promptings of her convictions. Her dream was not visionary to her, but a *revelation* and a *prophecy,* certain to be fulfilled in God's own time and way. The day at last came which she had set on which to leave her parental home—which to her was *Egypt* —for the land of *Canaan,* as it were, where milk and honey flowed. No serious efforts were made to restrain her, and she started eastward down the valley. The evening shades were falling as she neared the home of Father Baker. Sitting down by the wayside, she pondered and hesitated; shall she venture? Mustering up courage, she approached the door, and, knocking, she was admitted.

After partaking of supper and recovering somewhat from her weariness, she told Father Baker, in a childlike way, that she wished to make her home there. But the old 'Squire told her that he had no use for a girl of her age. That night our little wanderer went to bed with a heavy heart. In one single moment all her hopes were crushed, and the dream in that very house, which she had taken as a revelation, was *only* a dream —an idle dream, after all. Her eyes, suffused with tears, soon closed in slumber, and she saw not the "silver lining" to the dark clouds that hung so heavily around her.

That night the old 'Squire lay upon his bed and pondered over the strange circumstances of the child's visits. He saw the hand of God at work and determined to provide for her. In the morning, early, he sent for his son *George,* who farmed his place. The son was past middle age, and had no children. To him the aged 'Squire committed our little *Amanda.* So she went to live with George Baker, and became one of the family. Year after year came and passed. She never thought of taking wages; but her dream came true. All her heart could wish was hers. To the aged 'Squire, whom she called "Grandpap," she became a joy and comfort, and when, in 1863, his last illness came, she became his ministering angel to make his bed in his affliction, and cheer his declining years. She had now grown to the strength and beauty of mature womanhood. She was gifted with a very fine voice, which cheered and comforted old Father Baker in sweetest song to his last moments on earth. When at last the old patriarch received the call to

go home, the strong arm of the woman whom the Lord undoubtedly sent to cheer his last days, supported his dying head. What a marvelous Providence! In course of time her foster father, George Baker, son of the 'Squire, also died, as also his wife, and the whilom pilgrim performed the same tender offices to them. She was of course well rewarded with earthly goods from the Baker's; but her full reward came in later years, when she answered the summons to join in Heaven the noble family with which she was providentially joined through a dream.

MEMORIES OF THE MOSSY PLOT.

In 1825, when the intrepid John Seybert served York Circuit in Pennsylvania, he made the acquaintance of a prominent old gentleman named *George Achenbach,* who lived in the village of Strinestown, about ten miles north of York. Achenbach was the chorister (*vor-sanger*) of the Quiggle's Lutheran church, a position which he had filled for forty years. One day Seybert came to visit him, and told him his house was large and well adapted for meetings, and that he would like to preach there *that night.* To this the chorister objected for the reason that it would cause him trouble in his church relations, and also that it was too late in the day to make the appointment known. To this Seybert replied that *"all who would live godly must suffer persecution,"* and unless we are willing to bear it we are not worthy to be called His disciples. As to the congregation, *he* would see to that. The old man then withdrew his objection, and Seybert made a house to house canvass that afternoon, with the result that a large audience was present.

At the close of the service Seybert announced that he would thereafter preach regularly there, to the great astonishment of Achenbach, who had given no such permission. The old man arose and said he liked the services, but *they* were *Lutherans,* and, said he, *"Think of what our old preacher will*

NOTE.—Amanda Kinsloe, after the death of the Bakers, was married to Solomon Wagoner. She died at McClure, Pennsylvania, July 4, 1906, aged 63 years, 10 months, and 8 days. She personally communicated these facts to the Author.

*say to all this."** Seybert made answer that where the salvation of souls was at stake, no heed should be paid to what others think or say. This was the commencement of an Evangelical class which for many years was strong and aggressive. Father Achenbach and all his children, most of whom were heads of families, soon connected themselves with the Evangelicals.

A short distance from Strinestown lived *David Achenbach,* a son of the chorister. Among his children were twin girls, named *Louisa* and *Maria,* born September 30, 1825. These little girls lived in the atmosphere of prayer and song, and when three years of age sang very well the stirring songs for which the early Evangelical meetings were noted. In the rear of their house was a meadow in which was a little elevation, or hillock, covered with moss. The little girls chose this beautiful spot on which to play, and here whiled away many happy hours in childish sport. Among other things they did was to "hold meetings" in imitation of the older people. They sang and prayed in regular order, day by day, and never missed their "meeting" unless the weather interfered. The hillock being their "church," they were "excusable" from attending on damp or wet days. When the children were about three and a half years of age occurred a remarkable circumstance, which we commend to the attention of parents who have little children under their care. The little girls were holding "meeting," they had both prayed, and were singing, when suddenly *they felt different.* They grew "happy" and praised the Lord. Then they ran home and told their parents and all that they were *converted.* From that time on their "meetings" were different. They had a real joy in the service which to them was no longer *play,* but *worship.*

One day their happy, joyful meetings on the mossy hillock was held for the last time. In the summer of 1829, when the children were less than four years of age, Maria took sick and

*This was the Rev. J. G. Schmucker, D.D., a noted author, and President of the Lutheran Synod. He was born 1771, and died 1854. He became pastor of the Lutheran church in York and vicinity prior to 1800. He heard Albright and co-founders of the Evangelical Church preach, and was much impressed with them. In a book, entitled "Wachter Stimme," he gives his views concerning the "Albrights."

died. Her little sister *"Lovie"* (Louisa), grew very homesick for the "meetings" which had been the joy of their young lives. She could not bear to go over to the hillock alone, her heart was too sad. One day, with tears in her eyes, she took an older brother by the hand, and wanted to lead him over to the hillock and continue the meetings; but he refused to go. The mossy bed now became a *memory*. Our little *"Lovie"* is still living, at the age of eighty-three. The Divine testimony given her at the early age of three and a half years *still abides*. She is probably the *oldest* Evangelical in experience in the church. She hopes soon to renew the happy meetings on the hillock with her many friends who have long since crossed over death's silent river.*

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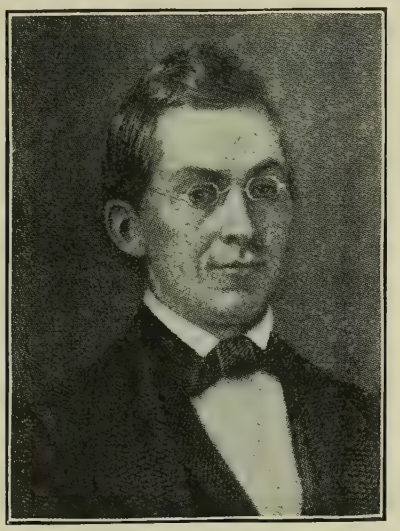
*"Lovie" Achenbach was married in April, 1843, by Rev. Jacob Boas, to E. Eisenhart. She is a widow and resides in York. To her wonderful memory the author is greatly indebted for these and other incidents.

EVANGELICAL DAUGHTERS OF SONG

INTRODUCTORY.

The exercise of Poetic Talent in the Evangelical Church is contemporary with its origin. Rev. Jacob Albright, the Founder, is not known to have written poetry, but his first co-



Bishop W. W. Orwig

laborer, Rev. John Walter, was both an eloquent preacher and gifted poet. When he began to preach, in 1802, he was very illiterate, but in a few years developed remarkable literary ability, and, in 1810, published the *first* hymn book of the Connection, many songs being of his own composition. The story of how he wrote a still popular hymn is elsewhere given in this section.

Rev. John Dreisbach, another co-laborer of Albright, and Daniel Bertolett, both had fine poetic talent, and some of their

productions are still extant in the German hymnology of the church. Poetic talent found no expression in *English* in the church until the introduction of English Church Literature. *The Evangelical Messenger* was established in 1848, but not until about ten years later do we find any meritorious *original* effusions making their appearance. It is worthy of record that *most* of the early English poems were written by women, and the *best* of them were those whose memoirs herewith appear. Hence, they were pioneers.

Another fact of importance is the *stimulus* given to poetic talent by the establishment of institutions of learning in the church. It is noteworthy that *all* our literary institutions have been co-educative from the beginning, and some of the finest poetic productions came from female students at these institutions. It is tardy justice to say that *co-education* in the Evangelical Church owes its introduction to Bishop *W. W. Orwig,* one of the founders, and the first President of Union Seminary, at New Berlin, Pennsylvania, which was the *first* institution of learning in the church. When this institution was projected, in 1854, the co-education of the sexes was still in its experimental stage, and strenuously opposed by many of the leading men of the Evangelical Church.

Bishop Orwig was a man of broad and advanced views on this subject, and it is chiefly owing to his wise counsels and careful administration, as the head of the Seminary, that *both* sexes started on an equal educational footing in the scholastic history of the church. It is also pleasant to note that one of the first songsters whose poetic warblings attracted the attention of the church, was his own gifted daughter, whose memoir is given in this conection.

The appearance of some matter in this section not strictly in line with its title, will be understood by its poetic corelation.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MRS. RUTHANNA VALLERCHAMP.

Her Descent From the Nobility of England—Conversion—The Angelic Vision—Remarkable Restoration Through Prayer—She Rescues a Young Man—Her marriage—Her Life of Usefulness—A Fearful Retribution—Death of Her Husband—Union Seminary—Her Work Among the Students—As a Model Mother—Her Happy End —Genealogical Notes.

Mrs. Ruthanna Vallerchamp

"Thy day has come—not gone,
Thy sun has risen—not set,
Thy life is now beyond,
The reach of death or change.
Not ended—but begun;
O noble soul! O gentle heart,
Hail and farewell!"

In the month of February, 1868, the writer of this memoir bowed as a penitent at the altar in the first church ever erected by the Evangelical Association. This was at New Berlin, in Union County, Pennsylvania, a place memorable in the history of the Evangelical Church. The minister in charge was Rev. M. J. Carothers, of blessed memory. While thus engaged in struggling amid doubts and fears, and the darkness of unbelief had well nigh settled upon his soul, a loving arm was placed tenderly around his neck and a sweet voice, tremulous with emotion, spake into his ear, "O, my son, do not despair, see the bright light of the Cross." This was the turning point of his penitential struggle. But who was this mother whose loving voice, though hushed in death, lo! these many years, still vibrates on the tenderest chords of his soul? It was Mother *Ruthanna Vallerchamp,* the widow of Rev. Azima Vallerchamp, an itinerant preacher of the Central Pennsylvania Conference of the Evangelical Church. Mrs. Vallerchamp was one of the most remarkable women with whom it was our privilege to become acquainted. Her life was one great and unwearying effort to save souls and do good, and eternity alone will disclose the number of souls she was instrumental in saving, and the weak and inexperienced whom she helped by her prayers and wise counsels.

Mrs. Vallerchamp was descended from several lines of the English nobility. Her parents were Quakers, and on the Pennington side had been Quakers from the days of *George Fox,* the Founder. She was the daughter of Jonathan and Rebecca Davis, and was born in Catawissa Valley, Columbia County, Pennsylvania, March 20, 1805. Her great-grandparents, Griffiths and Elisabeth Davis, were married in Wales, in 1724, and came to Pennsylvania soon afterwards. They settled in Solebury Township, Bucks County, where they were eminent in the Friends' Society.

HER CONVERSION AND PERSECUTION.

At the age of eighteen, the subject of this memoir, attended a protracted meeting conducted by a Methodist preacher, named *Tannyhill.* She was deeply convicted of sin, and was converted in a most remarkable manner. Although her parents

did not sanction her course, they deemed it best to allow her to choose her own way in the matter.

One day her mother requested her to accompany her to her son-in-law, who was very much opposed to Ruthanna's connection with the Methodists, and who were then the objects of ridicule and abuse. Upon the arrival at his house of his mother-in-law and Ruthanna, he began to taunt and berate the latter to such an extent that she left the house to seek relief in prayer. She wandered through the thick darkness of the night to a lonely spot, where she fell on her knees to implore God's help and sustaining grace amid her sore trials. After agonizing in prayer for some time, she fell into a sort of trance, in which she saw a heavenly vision. She saw a great company of angels clothed in beautiful white, gather around her to cheer and comfort her. (See Psalms xxxiv. 7.) After remainng in this condition several hours, she returned to the house. Her friends, meanwhile, had become greatly alarmed because of her prolonged absence, and had been searching for her. After this remarkable event her friends no longer stood in her way. From the time of this vision her whole being underwent a remarkable change. Her entire nature seemed "filled with the Spirit." (Eph. v. 18.) Her faith was truly wonderful. Her prayers were deep and sympathetic, and clearly indicated that her life was hid with Christ in God. (Col. iii. 3.)

THE INVALID RESTORED THROUGH PRAYER.

When Mrs. Vallerchamp was about nineteen years of age, she attended a Methodist camp-meeting in the Catawissa Valley, at which time her faith was displayed in a wonderful manner. Among the attendants at the camp-meeting was a large family, the father of which was an invalid. One day, as the condition and circumstances of this family were discussed in the presence of Ruthanna, the remark was made that according to all human prospects the father would soon die, and his family of ten children, nearly all of whom were small, would have a hard way of getting along in the world.

The heart of Ruthanna went out in warmest sympathy for the suffering father and the helpless condition of his family in case of his death. She repaired to a secret place and there

laid the matter before the Lord. Long and earnestly did she plead for the recovery of the invalid father, that he might be spared to his family. Suddenly she received the impression that the man would recover. She arose from her knees and went to the invalid father and informed him of the impression she had received through the Spirit. She told him not to be discouraged, but have faith in God, and all would be well. Many years afterwards, when her husband was pastor of Cherry Circuit, in Sullivan County, they had a camp-meeting near Dushore. During this meeting an old gentleman came to Mrs. Vallerchamp and asked her whether her name had not been *Ruthanna Davis*. She answered in the affirmative. He then asked her whether she remembered how she prayed for a sick man at the Catawissa Camp-meeting and the assurance she received that the prayer was answered. This, she said, she remembered well. He then informed her that *he* was the man for whom she had prayed, and furthermore said that his recovery began from the time she made the announcement to him that he would get well. He had lived to raise his family, and God had prospered him temporally and spiritually.

RESCUES A SEEKER.

The remarkable power of Mrs. Vallerchamp as the result of her faith, is illustrated by the following incident:

At one of the great camp-meetings in the Catawissa Valley which she attended while she was yet unmarried, there was a young man at the altar seeking salvation. His father, however, was violently opposed to his course, and hired two strong men to go into the inclosure and bring out his son. They quietly proceeded to the altar, and before any one realized their purpose, they were carrying the young man up the aisle toward the head of the ground. Mrs. Vallerchamp quickly went to them, and in a loud and commanding voice, in the name of God, demanded the young man's release. They stopped at once, seemingly paralyzed by her power, releasing the young man without a word. Mrs. V. then took the young man back to the altar, where he was happily converted and became a pillar in the church.

MARRIES MR. VALLERCHAMP.

On January 25, 1829, Ruthanna Davis was married to Mr. Azima Vallerchamp, who, like herself, was a Methodist. Some time after their marriage they removed to Roaring Creek, where Mr. V. kept a store and the post-office. In 1835 they removed to Mount Pleasant Township, where they had purchased a farm. In 1845 they connected themselves with the Evangelicals, and were instrumental in gathering a class and building a church. Mr. V. was a local preacher, in which capacity he did a great deal for the church of his choice. In 1847 Mr. Vallerchamp entered the regular ministry; but before following our subject into the itinerant field, we take the present opportunity to record one of the most remarkable incidents of Mrs. Vallerchamp's consecrated life.

A FEARFUL RETRIBUTION.

Several years after her marriage, when her husband was engaged in the mercantile business on Roaring Creek, the class with which she was connected was bitterly persecuted by the nominal Christians and such as were opposed to experimental religion. This opposition element had a ringleader, who made his boast that at a certain time and place they would make an end of the "heretics." Inasmuch as the man's character was such that he would not hesitate to carry out the threat, the praying people had every reason to fear. They had borne much already, and their meetings had been broken up, but the trials they had endured were nothing compared with the danger that now threatened them. That the disturbers intended to wreck the house and do violence to the persons of the praying people was the general belief. It now became an open question whether they should continue their prayer-meetings at all. There was one brave, trusting spirit who did not heed the threats of the ungodly. This was Mrs. Vallerchamp. She told her classmates that the Lord would stand by and defend them.

When the prayer-meeting time came, at which time the ruffians had decided to mob them, Mrs. Vallerchamp betook herself to God in prayer. During this prayer she received the Divine intelligence that she should trouble herself no more, that the Lord would frustrate the designs of the wicked men

and all would be well. That same afternoon the ringleader was instantly killed by the falling of a tree upon him. This ended the opposition, and the praying people were molested no more.

IN THE GOSPEL MINISTRY.

Their entry upon the active work of the ministry afforded Mrs. Vallerchamp an enlarged field for Christian work, and especially that of soul-saving. She was a true companion to her husband in his arduous labors. It may be truly said, many meetings owed their revival interests to her earnest assistance to her husband with her sweet voice in song and exhortation. Camp-meetings were her especial delight. She frequently pitched her tent at three different camp-metings in on season, during the prime of her life.

Mr. Vallerchamp's service in the active ministry was brief. He labored on the following charges: 1847, Luzerne Mission; 1848, Columbia; 1849-'50, Cherry; 1851, Perry. In the spring of 1852 he located, and soon thereafter removed to New Berlin, in Union County, for the purpose of giving his children better school facilities. Mr. V. died rather suddenly on the 7th of October, 1854, aged 49 years. This was a terrible blow to his family, all their earthly plans and hopes were frustrated. After Mr. Vallerchamp's death she wrote the following lines, which appeared in connection with her husband's obituary, a month later, in the *Evangelical Messenger:*

"His soul was calmly stayed on God;
His heart though pressed with care,
Meekly submitted to his lot,
He felt his Saviour near.

"He now on weeping friends looks down,
And sees each falling tear,
And sweetly whispers in our ears,
Be still; I'm happy here!

"My ransomed soul is now at rest,
I'm free from toil and care.
My soul is now in Jesus blest;
Prepare to meet me there.

"Dear husband, I shall there once more
Behold thy lovely face,
When all my trials here are o'er
And I am saved by grace."

HER WORK AMONG THE STUDENTS.

The loss of her husband seemed to stimulate Mrs. V. to greater zeal and devotion to the Master's cause. The founding of Union Seminary (afterwards changed to Central Pennsylvania College), opened up a new avenue of usefulness for her. She sought the acquaintance of the students, and invariably impressed them with a sense of her deep interest in their welfare. Her special work was to single out poor and discouraged students and act the part of a Christian mother to them. She made such the special objects of prayer, invited them to her house to share her hospitality, and thus afford them both social and religious enjoyment.

Over a quarter century did she thus carry on her good work in a quiet and unobtrusive manner. Little note was taken of her work at that time. Such are the ways of life! We fail to appreciate the fragrant flowers and ripe, rich fruitage of summer until the autumnal blasts have swept them away! The writer of this, and many others who became successful ministers, owe very much to this sainted mother in Israel.

IN HER FAMILY.

Mrs. Vallerchamp was a model mother. In her family she was always careful not to use a vulgar or unseemly expression in the presence of her children. In fact she followed this rule invariably. Any one conversing with her would at once be impressed with her refined and beautiful spirit, the earnestness of her life, and her constant and solemn sense of personal responsibility to God. While they were engaged in business, prior to their entry into the active ministry, Mr. Vallerchamp was frequently away from home. At such times the fire on the family altar was not allowed to burn low. No matter how many workmen were employed, or what their sentiments or character might be, no matter how pressing the work, there

never was a time when she could not say with a clear conscience:

"Lord in the morning, thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high."

Christian mother, can you not do likewise? Let not the family devotion fail because of the husband's absence. Be a true priestess and head the family in bringing the morning offerings without interruption to the altar.

Many years have passed since Mother V. was called to her rich reward, but the grandeur of her work stands out in bold relief. The author could name many men of prominence, especially in the ministry, who freely acknowledge themselves indebted to the prayers and encouragement of Mother Vallerchamp for what they are in life. Eternity alone will reveal the full measure of her work.

HER HAPPY END.

Borne down with the weight and infirmities of age, Mother V. felt her end approaching. As she neared her journey's end, her faith and hope never faltered. She often expressed herself as being conscious of the presence and ministry of angels and the blessed Lord by her side. Finally, on the 18th of February, 1886, her long cherished hopes were consummated and her beautiful spirit went home to God, and her body was laid to rest by the side of her husband, at New Berlin.

GENEALOGICAL NOTE.—The descent of Mrs. Vallerchamp from the English nobility is traced as follows: Isaac Pennington, born 1617, and died 1679, was the eldest son of Alderman Pennington, who was twice elected Lord Mayor of London, and one of the members of the Long Parliament, and one of the Judges of King Charles II. Isaac was highly educated in a manner befitting his rank in life. He married Lady Maria Springett, the widow of Sir William Springett, with whom she had several children, one of whom, *Gulielma Springett,* became the wife of William Penn, the Founder of Pennsylvania. Lady Springett herself was descended from the nobility. Her first husband died in 1643. The following inscription from his monument in Sussex, will be of interest to the reader:

"Here lyeth the body of Sir William Springett, K. N. T., eldest son and heir of Herbert Springett of Sussex, who married Mary Proude, the only daughter and heir of Sir John Proude, K. N. T., Colonel in the service of the United Provinces, and of Anne Fagge

his wife, of the co-heirs of Edward Fagge of Ewell near Feversham, in the County of Kent, Esq. He had issue by Mary his wife, one sonne John Springett, and one daughter Gulielma Maria Springett. He being a Colonel in the service of the Parliament at the taking of Arundel Castle in Sussex, there contracted a sickness of which he died February the 3rd, Anno Domini, 1643, being 23 years of age. His wife, in testimony of her dear affection for him, hath erected this monument to his memory."

As already said, Isaac Pennington married the widow, Lady Springett. In 1658 he was present at a meeting of Friends in Bedfordshire, where the noted George Fox, Founder of the Quaker Connection, preached. Here he was convinced of the truth as held by that people and openly espoused their cause. He became an eminent minister among them and was made to suffer severely on account of his religious convictions. In 1661 he was arrested at a meeting held in his own house, and suffered confinement for seventeen weeks in the winter season in a cold, damp cell, of Aylesbury Jail. He was again imprisoned in 1670, at Reading, whither he had gone to visit and comfort the Quakers who were imprisoned there. From this imprisonment he was released in 1672, by the King's letters patent.

Isaac, and Mary Springett Pennington had among their children, *Edward,* who emigrated with his brother-in-law, William Penn, to Pennsylvania, and was Penn's Surveyor General from 1694 to 1697. *William,* the third son of Isaac and Mary Springett Pennington, remained in England. Daniel, a son of William, and grandson of Isaac and Mary Springett Pennington, emigrated to Bucks County, Pennsylvania. He was married at Hersham Meeting, August 26, 1724. This Daniel had a daughter Margaret, who married Caleb, son of Griffith Davis. Their son, Jonathan, was the father of Mrs. Vallerchamp.

The ancestry of Mrs. V.'s husband, Rev. Azima Vallerchamp, is also most interesting. His father, Simon, was born in the Province of Lorraine, France, in 1757. His parents, who belonged to the patrician class, and were wealthy, removed to Paris. Young Simon accompanied the Marquis de Lafayette to America, to join the Colonists in their struggle for freedom. He remained to the close of the war, and was seven times wounded. He returned to France at the close of the war, but soon thereafter again came to America to make it his home. He located in Huntingdon, in Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, where he died in 1825, as the results of a ball in his body which he had received in the Revolution. Azima, his son, studied both the Allopathic and Homeopathic systems of medicine, also dentistry. He was a very learned man, and had he entered the ministry earlier in life, might have risen to great distinction in the ranks.

CHAPTER XIX.

MRS. RUTHANNA VALLERCHAMP—*Concluded.*

HER POETIC GIFTS.

Mrs. Vallerchamp had poetic talents of a very high order. During her lifetime she wrote on almost every theme of the Christian life. Her religious nature was so intense that she was never known to have written purely secular poetry. Religion was her one absorbing theme, and hence her poems reflect this phase of her character in a marked degree.

Some of her poems have decided merit, and are marked by a freshness and intensity of feeling that glow with the light and warmth of true poetic fire. Unfortunately many of her poems (and probably her best) were lost by the burning of a house occupied by a gifted literary friend,* to whom she had entrusted them for inspection and correction. It is probable that had not this accident occurred, the Evangelical Church would have been favored with a volume of poems from one of its own daughters. Such a book has not yet to this day appeared. Her husband, Rev. Azima Vallerchamp, published a juvenile temperance and Sunday-school song book, in which it is believed a considerable number of Mrs. V.'s productions appeared. We have sought in vain for a copy of this book, which was the first of its kind in the Evangelical Church. A number of Mrs. V.'s poems appeared in the *Evangelical Messenger,* the English organ of the church, and these are the only ones that have been preserved.

"THE GOSPEL SHIP IS SAILING."

This immortal song which is sung all over the world, appears in all hymn books as *anonymous,* or of unknown authorship. During our intimate acquaintanceship with Mrs. V., it was generally understood that the song was written by her

*Miss Kate Swineford.

in her earlier years, and unfortunately we failed to ask her for particulars. The circumstances of its first publication are unknown, until its appearance with its beautiful tune composed by the noted composer, *William Bradbury*. *"The Heavenly Rail Road"* is a song we know emanated from Mrs. V., although like *"The Gospel Ship,"* its first publication was *"Anonymous."* It appeared in many of the early religious song books. The copy herewith given is taken from the old United Brethren hymn book.

The subjoined poems are given as fair examples of this good woman's talents, and we greatly regret that the plan of this section will not permit the publication of all her poems we have gathered.

THE GOSPEL RAILROAD.

We take the railroad with our freight,
It leads straight through the Gospel gate;
From earth to heaven this road is made,
By Christ, our Engineer, 'twas laid.

CHORUS:—
Don't you want to go?
Oh! don't you want to go?
I fear there'll some be left behind;
Don't you want to go?

He paid our fare while here below,
He now invites you all to go;
A passage free you now can have,
Since Jesus died the world to save.—*Chorus.*

This road is straight, and narrow too,
But Christ will guide each train safe through;
You need not fear; you'll safely ride,
Since the Conductor's by your side.—*Chorus.*

Come, then, poor sinner, now's your time,
At any station on the line;
If you'll repent and turn from sin,
The train will stop and take you in.—*Chorus.*

We've stopped to take in fresh supplies,
Of grace, to bear us to the skies.
Our train's on time, the track is clear,
I know the terminus is near.—*Chorus.*

Through mountains high, and valleys deep,
By faith and prayer our course we keep;
And when we reach that heavenly shore,
We'll ride this earthly train no more.—*Chorus.*

THE GOSPEL SHIP.

The Gospel ship is sailing,
Sailing—sailing,
The Gospel ship is sailing,
Bound for Canaan's happy shore.
All who would ship for glory,
Glory—glory,
All who would ship for glory,
Come and welcome rich and poor.

CHORUS:—
Glory hallelujah!
All on board are sweetly singing,
Glory hallelujah,
Hallelujah to the Lamb.

She's landed many a thousand,
Thousand—thousand;
She's landed many thousands
On fair Canaan's happy shore.
And thousands now are sailing,
Sailing—sailing;
And thousands now are sailing,
Yet there's room for thousands more.—*Chorus.*

Sails filled with heavenly breezes,
Breezes—breezes,
Sails filled with heavenly breezes,
Swiftly glides the ship along;
Her company are singing,
Singing—singing,
Her company are singing,
Glory! Glory! is their song.—*Chorus.*

Take passage now for glory,
Glory—glory,
Take passage now for glory,
Sailing o'er life's troubled sea
With us you shall be happy,
Happy—happy,
With us you shall be happy,
Happy through eternity.—*Chorus.*

FAITH, HOPE AND LOVE. (1 Cor. xiii. 13.)

We must have faith to please our God,
And conquer every foe;
Faith claims the Saviour through His Word,
And will not let Him go.

When faith grows weak, and seems to fail,
Then hope, sweet hope, comes in;
Fear not! Through Christ thou shalt prevail,
O'er all the powers of sin.

But Love, more heavenly, more divine,
The brightest of the three;
For love will live, and reign, and shine
Through all eternity.

'Tis love alone that can impart,
The sweetest peace that's given;
It opens in each faithful heart
A pure and constant heaven.

TRUSTING IN THE PROMISES.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou are with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."—Psalm xxiii. 4.

Will Jesus then be with me?
In that tremendous hour?
When the monster, Death, approaches,
To shield me from his power?

Will he rob him of the victory,—
And take away the sting?
When my body's pained and dying—
Will He give me peace within?

Will He smooth my dying pillow
And raise my sinking head?
Will He send His holy angels—
To watch around my bed?

When the large, cold drops of sweat
Are gathering on my brow,
Will He whisper to my fainting heart
"Fear not! I'm with thee now"?

When my tongue begins to falter
And my pulse is sinking fast,
Will He press His arms around me
And support me to the last?

Will He lead me through the valley,—
Though dark, and cold, and deep!
Will His rod and staff support me
When death's waves shall o'er me sweep?

With the last dread struggle over,
And I've landed on the shore;
Will He take my soul to heaven,
To dwell forevermore?

Yea, the promise stands unshaken,
Though heaven and earth should fail;
He'll comfort and support me,
All through the gloomy vale.

Through grace I'll seek His favor,
And give Him all my heart;
For the sake of *such* a Saviour,
With all things else I'll part.

Let the world enjoy its pleasures,
Its riches and its store;
Give me my loving Saviour,
And I desire no more.

FOR THE SORROWFUL IN SPIRIT.*

"I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."—2 Samuel xii. 23.

When the cold hand of death has removed from our side,
A husband, a brother, a friend;
We are led to repent of our folly and pride,
And our prayers up to heaven ascend;
Deeply humbled in dust, in my Saviour I trust,
In His judgments there's mercy I see.
Chastised I have been, I shall go unto Him,
But he shall not return unto me.

To wean our affections from all here below,
And fix them on objects above,
A summons is sent, death strikes the sad blow,
And aims at the one we most love;

*Dedicated to her departed husband.

The desire of my heart, with him I must part,
All my hopes are cut off now I see,
Every prospect looks dim, I shall go unto him,
But he shall not return unto me.

When the morning breaks forth with its beauty and light,
And the sun sheds his brightness around,
Then I think of the loved one that's gone from my sight,
And his body lies low in the ground;
When at noon to my sight all in nature looks bright,
Yet no comfort in these do I see—
Bereaved I have been, I shall go unto him,
But he shall not return unto me.

When the evening returns with its darkness and gloom,
And the light is withdrawn from the sky,
Then I think of the dear one that lies in the tomb,
And a tear softly steals from my eye;
Thus in sorrow the day passes slowly away,
And the night brings no comfort to me,
My heart bleeds within, I shall go unto him,
But he shall not return unto me.

Then where shall the sorrowful heart find relief?
And where shall the mourner find rest?
A solace I find to assuage all my grief,
While I lean on my dear Saviour's breast.
A balm is there found that can heal every wound,
When I look, my dear Saviour, to Thee,
And a voice says within, I shall go unto him,
But he shall not return unto me.

In the fair climes of Glory I soon hope to rest,
Where all tears shall be wiped from my eyes;
To partake of the joys of the holy and blest,
And hail him again in the skies;
I shall meet him above in his beauty and love,
Where the ransomed are happy and free;
A voice says within, "I shall go unto him,
Though he cannot return unto me."

THE JOYS OF HEAVEN.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."—1 Corinthians ii. 9.

High in heaven our Saviour reigns,
And sheds His love divine,
O'er all the bright eternal plains,
His beams of glory shine.

Down from His heavenly throne above,
The streams of mercy flow,
He sheds His rays of light and love,
On all His saints below.

There the rich streams of heavenly love,
Flow full, and free, and clear!
And all shall share these joys above,
That seek His favor here.

Through pastures green there gently led,
Where heavenly fruits abound;
And Christ shall place upon each head
A never fading crown.

They cast their crowns before His face,
While at His feet they fall;
They owe their bliss to boundless grace,
And Christ is all in all.

There, robed in garments clear and white,
They walk the streets of gold;
While richer treasures, pure and bright,
New beauties still unfold.

There saints shall dwell in endless light,
And feast on heavenly love;
They bask in seas of pure delight,
In yon bright realms above.

They pluck the living fruits that grow,
From life's fair tree they're fed;
They drink where living fountains flow,
From Christ the fountain head.

There floods of endless pleasure roll,
And heavenly strains are sung;
While glory rolls from soul to soul,
And praise from every tongue.

Unnumbered millions 'round the throne,
In perfect harmony;
Unite in praising God alone,
Through all eternity.

A SCRIPTURAL RIDDLE.

The following riddle, the authorship of which is unknown, appeared in the *Evangelical Messenger*, and also in many other papers. The creature described is the "whale" that swallowed Jonah. Mrs.

Vallerchamp's solution of the Riddle also appeared in the *Messenger* sometime afterwards.

A Riddle.

"God made Adam out of dust,
But thought it best to make me first;
So I was made before the man,
According to God's holy plan.
My body he has made complete,
But without legs, or arms, or feet,
Nor did he give to me a soul,
Yet, could my actions well control;
A living creature I became,
'Twas Adam that gave me my name.
Then from his presence I withdrew,
No more of Adam ever knew;
I did my Maker's laws obey,
From them I never went astray;
Thousands of miles I ran in fear,
But seldom on the earth appear.
But God in me did something see,
And put a living soul in me.
A sin in me the Lord did claim,
And took from me that soul again;
And when from me that soul was fled,
I was the same as when first made;
And without hands, or feet, or soul,
I travel now from pole to pole.
I suffer oft by day and night
In giving fallen men great light;
For thousands both of young and old
At my death great light behold.
No fear of death doth trouble me,
For happiness I cannot see.
To heaven above I ne'er shall go,
Nor to the grave, nor hell below. .
The Scriptures I cannot believe,
Whether right or wrong, I can't conceive;
Although therein my name is found,
They are to me an empty sound.
And when, my friends, these lines you read,
Go search the Bible with all speed,
And if my name you can't find there—
It will be strange, I must declare."

MRS. VALLERCHAMP'S ANSWER TO THE RIDDLE.

Of all the creatures formed below,
The *whale* stands first God's power to show;
A living monster, great and strong,
To plough the deep while billows foam.

As through the raging sea he roams,
He seeks a rest or friendly home;
To distant climes he'll sometimes go,
To flee from man, his deadly foe.

But men more eager for a prize,
In search of wealth oft risk their lives;
They spend long years in pain and toil,
In efforts to procure their oil.

When Jonah sinned and sought to hide
From God, in vanity and pride;
A mighty fish (God laid the plan),
Then swallowed up the faithless man.

Shut up in sin as dark as night,
He called on God to give him light;
God heard his cry as from the grave,
And bid the fish his life to save.

When once more free and safe on shore,
He promised God he'd sin no more;
He preached the word where he was sent,
And bid the Ninevites repent.

The news no doubt had reached the place,
And many sought for pardoning grace;
A miracle so great and good,
Caused Nineveh to turn to God.
New Berlin, February 13, 1864. R. A. V.

THE SUN, MOON AND STARS.

Like the sun, the great fountain of light and of heat,
Created by power Divine;
To rule o'er our earth in splendor complete,
And all other bodies outshine.

So is *man,* when restored to the image of God,
Made perfect, and holy, and just.
His law God revealed in His most holy Word,
And committed the earth to his trust.

'Tis his duty to govern, to guard and protect,
His commission is sealed from above;
He deserves all due honor and highest respect
When he governs in wisdom and love.

The *moon,* no less lovely, though milder her rays,
As she glides through the chambers of night;
Earth seems to rejoice at her gentle displays,
As though charmed by her pure modest light.

While the sun in his strength ever shines in the day,
She chooses to shine in the night;
In his absence to rule, in her meek quiet way,
And hail his return with delight.

So *woman* is faithful in every dark hour
Of sorrow, affliction, and woe,
To light up man's pathway, though tempests may lower,
And threaten his bark to o'erthrow.

See her delicate form bending over the bed,
Where a loved one in agony lies;
As night after night she pillows his head,
Till she wipes the last tear from his eyes.

But those beautiful stars that sparkle so bright,
While clustering around the pale moon;
Some larger, some smaller, each prove a sure light,
To the traveler, a most precious boon.

So our *children,* as bright shining lights in our sky,
When no cloud seems to darken their way;
In the night of old age they will ever be nigh,
To cheer us and light up our way.

When the sun is once quenched and the moon turned to blood,
And the stars all from heaven remove,
May fathers, and mothers, and children all meet,
In the family circle above.

THE WEARY PILGRIM.*

I am weary of wandering this wilderness 'round,
Where the storms of adversity blow;
No lasting enjoyment for Christians is found
In these regions of sorrow below.

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*Note.—This poem was written near the close of Mother V.'s life. The weight of years were pressing heavily upon her. Her Christian fortitude stands in bold contrast with her manifest home-sickness for Heaven.—Author.

The spirit bowed down under sorrow and pain,
That afflict the frail body while here;
How oft do I mournfully sigh and complain,
And my heart heaves with anguish and fear.

The world with its snares to entangle my feet,
And draw me away from my God;
And many and strong are the foes that I meet,
While traveling the heavenly road.

My own evil heart would lead me astray,
Unless guarded and governed by grace;
Temptations and trials are strong in my way,
To hide the bright smiles of His face.

Sometimes by faith to Mount Pisgah I soar,
And there take a view of the land;
For a season I fancy my toils are all o'er,
And the day of bright glory's at hand.

But when a dark cloud passes o'er my mind,
And obscures the bright sun from my sight;
With the armor of faith I am left then, I find,
To contend with the powers of night.

For forty long years, like Israel of old,
I must pass through a desert alone;
To find the work, by a straightforward course,
I might have accomplished in one.

Though crooked and thorny my pathway may be,
Do thou, Lord, my footsteps control;
From this body of death, how I long to be free!
Lord finish thy work in my soul!

Oh! arm me, dear Saviour, with patience and love,
To brave every storm that may come;
And when I'm prepared for the mansion above,
Then take thy poor wanderer home.

LET ME LIVE. ("Living Epistle," 1870; page 70.)

Lord, let me live!
Since Thou hast died that I *might* live,
My life, my all, to Thee I give;
Then let me live Thy power to prove,
The fullness of Thy perfect love,
So freely on my heart bestowed,
To bring me nearer to my God.

Lord, let me live!
A life more humble and more meek,
My Saviour's footsteps ever seek;
I ask not honor, wealth, nor fame,
Those fleeting joys are but a name;
A life more blest, yea, far more sweet,
To sit and learn at Jesus' feet.

Lord, let me live!
Since life is swiftly passing by,
My days are few, I soon must die.
Oh! let me live for Thee alone;
Thy righteousness be all my own;
From worldliness, oh! set me free,
And let my life be hid in Thee!

Lord, let me live!
Till my last work on earth is done,
The conquest gained, the victory won,
And when this slumbering dust shall rise,
To meet my Saviour in the skies.
On angels' wings may I be borne,
To live forever near the throne!

CHAPTER XX.

MEMOIR OF MRS. SUE M. O. HOFFMAN.

This amiable and highly gifted lady was the daughter of Rev. W. W. Orwig, and his wife, Susanna Rishel. She was born at New Berlin, Pennsylvania, June 4, 1844. Her early environments were of a character to both stimulate and cultivate the many natural gifts with which she was endowed. Her

Mrs. Sue Hoffman

home town was the seat of the Church Publishing House, and was virtually the headquarters of the church. Here, too, was Union Seminary, the first literary institution of the church.

Her honored father was a commanding figure in the affairs of the Evangelical Church, as *presiding elder, editor, publisher, president of Union Seminary,* and *bishop,* in rapid succession. Thus it will be seen that in her girlhood days Miss Sue Orwig came in touch with the fountain head of the

great church interests with which her honored father was connected.

As a child she was peculiarly charming and vivacious, and although naturally light-hearted, there was an underlying spirit of seriousness which was the secret of her intensely religious nature in after years.

At the early age of thirteen she was converted, during a great revival in the old historic *first church* of the denomination, at New Berlin. Thereafter she led a consecrated life. In all her letters still extant, may be seen the fervid glow of faith and hope, and the constant reaching out of her soul after fuller experiences of the Divine life and broader fields of service for the Master.

In 1856, the doors of Union Seminary were thrown open to the young of the church, and Rev. W. W. Orwig, her father, had the honor of its presidency until his elevation to the episcopacy, in 1859.

It is worthy of note that the ladies who attended the Seminary were exceptionally bright and talented. In this bright galaxy, Miss Sue Orwig, although the youngest of the distinguished circle, was a star of the first magnitude. Always bright, buoyant and happy, she was the life of the coterie in which she moved. She was poetic and sentimental in the highest degree, and nearly all her literary productions were in poetic form, and in which the true genius of poetry was unmistakably manifest. Some of her finest poems were written during her school days, and were published in the *Evangelical Messenger* and *Living Epistle,* and when in later years her equally gifted husband, the Rev. Elisha Hoffman, published the *"Evergreen,"* the first Evangelical Sunday-school music book, a number of his wife's early school poems were elevated to the dignity of sacred song.

Miss Orwig graduated with honors at Union Seminary, in the spring of 1862. She was the youngest of her class, but in attainments outranked all her associates.

Several years after her graduation Miss Orwig was wedded to Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman, a son of the sainted Rev. Francis Hoffman, of the East Pennsylvania Conference, and who was a former Seminary schoolmate of hers. With en-

thusiastic devotion she entered into this sphere of Christian responsibility, and was a true help-mate to her husband in all his undertakings.

In 1869 was founded *The Living Epistle,* a religious monthly, by a number of Evangelical ministers, and which was taken over by the General Conference in 1871, as one of the organs of the church. This magazine was published at the church headquarters, Cleveland, Ohio. Rev. Hoffman, who was one of its founders, was also made one of its two editors, and this, and other reasons, necessitated his removal from the East, to Cleveland, Ohio, in 1869. It was in this wise that the gifted subject of this memoir came to reside in the city of Cleveland, where she spent some years of beautiful service in many lines of Christian usefulness.

Mr. Hoffman choosing musical composition as his chief life work (a work in which he attained a world-wide distinction), he found in his companion a helper of more than ordinary talent. In *"The Evergreen,"* and other Christian song books, may be found a number of musical productions of Mrs. Hoffman.

It was amid the scenes of this earnest, consecrated life that the unwelcome messenger with the death summons appeared. The relentless hand of consumption planted in her body the fatal seed of disease, which bade defiance to every remedial effort.

HER LINGERING ILLNESS.

The life of Mrs. Hoffman was so tenderly associated and interwoven with that of her family and friends, that the thought of breaking these tender ties and closing her life work in the flesh, gave her inexpressible grief and anguish of soul. As the lingering disease, that finally ended her beautiful life, gained a stronger hold upon her frame, she was appalled at the very thought of dying. Not that she was *afraid* of death, but her great desire to carry out a great and well matured life purpose, strongly prevailed. With a brave heart, born in the depth of this all-absorbing desire to do good, she long bade defiance to the relentless disease that was gradually wasting her strength.

With the dawn of the Centennial year, it became evident that resistance was useless, and she sought to resign herself to her fate. The following note to the editor of the *Evangelical Messenger,* and the accompanying poem, is most expressive of her state at this time:

"The lines which I send you, I wrote last Sabbath evening, about 11 o'clock, upon my bed. I had been confined to my chair all day, and suffered so much pain and weariness, that toward evening I began to feel low-spirited and discouraged. I retired to bed very early, but not to sleep. I struggled with God in prayer; but for a while He seemed to leave me to myself. At last I exclaimed, amid my tears: *'Oh! God, if I am never to get well, let me die and be at rest.'* The cross seemed so real, and so heavy, I thought I could not bear it any longer and live. If God would not take it away, I should die. And then the thought came to me, *'He may not take it away, but He can help you bear it;'* and in another moment the words of Bro. Young,* when he bade me good-bye, flashed upon my mind; they were these: *'Lean hard on Jesus.'* My soul fairly clutched at the words, as I imagine a drowning man would clutch at anything within his reach, and by a mighty effort of faith I did 'lean *hard* on Jesus,' and in an *instant* the burden had dropped away, and was gone.

"I almost felt like looking around me to see where it had gone, so real, so palpable it had been. Amid my rejoicings and thanksgivings for victory, these words clung to me. I could not get rid of them. They kept repeating themselves over and over in my mind, and finally forming into rhyme; and I knew that God was giving me thoughts to write, so I stole quietly out into the other room, where my husband was sleeping, and brought in the lamp, paper, and pencil, and sitting up in bed, I wrote the lines below. If you think there is anything in them, or in any of the facts connected with the writing of them, that will help some poor, heavy-laden soul, as they helped me, they are at your service."

---

*Rev. Jacob Young, then editor of "The Living Epistle."

LEAN HARD ON JESUS.

Lean hard on Jesus! he will bear
Thee and thy cross, thou weary soul;
Lean hard, nor do thou have a fear,
But His great strength can bear the whole.

Lean hard on Jesus! faiting one,
Why dost thou try alone to bear—
The heavy cross, when evermore,
Thy "Burden-bearer" is so near?

Lean hard on Jesus, sinking one!
Oh! cast thy burden at His feet!
He'll take it up, and thou shalt find,
On His dear bosom rest complete.

Lean hard on Jesus, doubting soul!
Oh! dost thou think *He* cannot bear
Thy little cross, who bore so much?
Then cast away thy sinful fear!

Lean hard on Jesus, O my soul!
How couldst thou stand in this dark hour,
Beneath thy heavy, *heavy* cross,
Unless upheld by His great power?

Lean hard on Jesus! He, thy Lord,
Will bear thee through life's darksome vale,
Lean hard, nor do thou ever think,
The "Everlasting Arms" can fail.

HER LAST POEM.

As her strength decayed, and she was shut up in the solitude of her chamber, the mind of Mrs. Hoffman grew intensely active. The following sad poem was written, as was the previous one, in February, *"Two Leaves,"* is a mirror of her soul. It gives us her death-bed estimate of life! It teaches us that our desires for a period of ease and inactivity is *not* the high ideal of one who has a great life purpose. When the period of inactivity came to this noble soul, she spurned it, and would gladly have continued her busy life, had the Master so decreed. Perhaps this poem may have a useful message to us, to cherish as a precious boon, the privilege of continued service for our fellowmen.

TWO LEAVES.

I

"With folded hands and weary eyes I lie,
Upon my couch from morning until noon;
From noon till night the lengthened hours go by,
And morn's bright dawning comes again too soon.
I can do naught but sit, and think, and pray,
And wonder why God leads me in this way.

"A few short months ago with hurrying feet,
Which nothing in their eager strides would stay;
And hands pulseful and strong, I went to meet
The work which in the path before me lay.
For three long years I gave myself no rest,
But God was with me, and my soul was blest.

"Each day was full of work, my own home life,
Engrossed much of my time, my toil, and care;
The sacred work of him who calls me wife,
I felt that God was bidding me to share.
Oh! how my soul rejoiced to do his will,
I had not learned to suffer and be still.

"By beds of suffering, sick ones called to pray,
To sing the songs of heaven to dying ones;
To help God's poor, the tide of woe to stay,
To lift the sin-sick soul up to God's throne—
In church, in school, at home, abroad, alway,
To work and work, and watch, and wait, and pray.

"When all was done so much remained to do,
My weary hands and heart cried out for rest;
Oh! for a day when I'll have naught to do;
Will I in life be e'er so richly blest?
Oh! will that happy season *ever* come,
When I can call but *one* brief hour my own?

II

"The weary, weary days have come at last,
When I have naught to do but sit and rest—
The days which in my blissful busy past,
I sighed for, thinking they would be so blest;
I sit with idle hands and aching heart,
To think that some one else must do my part.

"My little children, in their gleesome play,
Will stop to gaze on me with pitying awe;
Ah! 'tis not I who wipe their tears away,

When sorrow comes,—or laugh with them in joy.
For strangers, now, their childish hearts must woo,
God took my work away—*I've naught to do.*

"The Sabbath morning dawns serene and fair,
I hear the chiming of the bells so sweet;
That calls God's children to the hour of prayer,
I hear the hurrying tread of passing feet.
Oh! how I long their footsteps to pursue,
Alas! there's nothing there for me to do.

"Oh! how my folded fingers ache to bring,
From out the organ tones so rich and sweet;
My eager voice would join with those who sing,
As was my wont, when I with them could meet.
Alas! my fingers cannot do their will—
The voice of song in me is hushed and still.

"The weary, weary days still come and go,
I've nothing now to do but sit and rest;
But God, in love, speaks to me soft and low:
'Thou dost not know what for thy soul is best,'
My child, I love thee, therefore, 'tis my will
That thou should'st learn to suffer and be still."

HER TRIUMPHANT DEATH.

The last days of Mrs. Hoffman's earthly life were days of joyful anticipation of heavenly bliss, rather than of suffering. Her noble spirit was now perfectly resigned to God's will. She believed her mission ended, and her work done, and there was naught to do but to go home. A surviving sister who was with her during the last three months of her life, writes: "I could tell you many incidents of her life, and her sickness. How calm and patient she was, knowing that death was near at hand, Dear Sister! How calm she was! How bravely she faced death!" The end came at last, on June 14th, 1876, when in great peace and hope of future felicity, she passed away. It was early morning when she died, and the evening of the following day that she was laid to rest. Of Mrs. Hoffman we may say in the language of Harriet Beecher Stowe:—

"Yes, the sweet Gardener has borne her hence,
Nor must we ask to take her thence away;
Thou shalt behold her, in some coming hour,
Full blossomed in his fields of cloudless day."

In the issue of June 22, 1876, of the *Evangelical Messenger,* occurs the following editorial notice of the funeral of Mrs. Hoffman:

"On Thursday, June 15th, the mortal remains of Mrs. S. M. O. Hoffman were laid away in the city of the dead, to await the roll call of eternity's coronation day. Sister Hoffman was a daughter of Rev. W. W. Orwig, and wife of Rev. E. A. Hoffman. She passed away at the early age of thirty-two years, after a lingering illness and through much suffering. Her experience of suffering and waiting proved a precious discipline, and a refiner's fire to her soul. Clearer, fuller, richer revelations of Jesus met her brightening vision as she drew nearer the gate of life. She seemed to rise by stages of conflict, from one realm of victory and divine manifestation to another. At last the shadows all floated away, the din of strife and the rush of earthly care died in the distance far below, and she saw no man, save Jesus only.' Her death-chamber was the *Olivet* from which she ascended to Heaven. Patience had wrought its perfect work, and nothing more remained but to die, and enter into rest. A large company of friends followed in funeral procession to the Woodland Avenue Evangelical church, where Rev. S. P. Spreng,* the pastor, preached an earnest and touching sermon from the words of Sister Hoffman's own selection—*'There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.'* The editor of the *Messenger* † followed with some personal remarks in reference to the deceased, and read several poems written by her during her illness expressive of her state of mind at the time.

"The editors, and their assistants, from our Publishing House, served as pall bearers on the occasion. In the beautiful Woodland Cemetery of this city, the worn and wasted frame of our sister was laid to rest. *Peace.*"

In the distinction accorded at her funeral by the Publishing House officials, and other dignitaries of the church, the reader will readily perceive the high esteem in which this talented Christian lady was held by the church.

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*Now Bishop S. P. Spreng, of the Evangelical Association.

†Rev. Jacob Hartzler, afterwards Superintendent of Missions in Japan, and now a member of the Central Pennsylvania Conference of the United Evangelical Church.

CHAPTER XXI.

SELECTED POEMS OF MRS. SUE HOFFMAN.

PURE AS THE LILIES. ("Evergreen," page 164.)

What is pure, and sweet, and fair?
Fragrant water-lilies, white and rare,
Floating in the sunlight there;
On the water's breast they lie,
While the evening breezes sigh
And ere morning comes they die.

What is pure, and fair, and sweet?
Lilies of the valley at our feet,
Smiling in their cool retreat;
Mid the leaves they humbly lie,
Breathing incense to the sky;
Yet, ere morning comes they die.

What is pure, and fair, and white?
Lilies of the garden, fragrant, bright;
Blooming in the morning light,
Looking upward for a day,
'Mid the flowers bright and gay,—
Oh! how soon they fade away!

What is pure, and fair, and good?
Spirits that are washed in Jesus' blood,
Sinking 'neath the crimson flood.
Though our bodies fade and die,
Far beyond the starry sky,
We shall dwell, all pure on high.

GATHERED FLOWERS.

O! where are the flowers we gathered,
That beautiful, bright summer day?
Have they, like the autumn leaves, withered,
And passed with the summer away?

O! where are the garlands we twined,
Of flowers both lovely and rare?
Have they, too, all faded and perished,
Those flowers that once were so fair?

'Tis thus, even thus, in life's season,
The hopes that are joyous and bright,
Are the first to pass from our vision,
And the first to fade from the light.

'Tis thus with the friends we have cherished,
The friends who were happy and gay;
Alas! like the flowers they perished,
And passed with the flowers away.

NO BEAUTY IN POETRY.

Devoid of beauty! can there be
One heart from all emotion free?
One human breast that does not thrill,
With love and joy unspeakable,
When listening to the gentle tone
Born from the poet's lyre?
Just like the quivering heart-string's moan,
When rude hands strike the wire.

Devoid of beauty! is there none,
In Milton's heaven-inspired song?
In Shakespeare's grand majestic plays,
In Thompson's glowing, tender lays;
In Byron's melting, mournful strains,
In Moore's sweet melodies?
O! is there one who says there is
No beauty in all these?

Devoid of beauty! is there one
Who feels no beauty in the tone
Of poets' harps? When skillful hands
Are swept across the golden bands,
They waken from the quivering chords,
Such soul-entrancing strains,
That every human heart *must* thrill
To list the sweet refrains.
Union Seminary, June, 1862.

ANGEL WHISPERS.

Angel whispers, like the sunshine,
Through the darkness gleam;
Like the radiant orbs of heaven,
Brightly on us beam;
Beam when all is cold and dark,
Guiding safe our life's frail bark,
Over life's rough sea.

Angel voices, like the breezes,
Whisper soft and low;
Following with the sweetest music,
Where our footsteps go;
Whisper words of sweetest cheer,
Which from yon bright Seraph's sphere,
Breathe into our hearts.

Angel whispers will not leave us,
If we ne'er depart
From their gentle words of counsel—
Voices of the heart;
Will not leave us grope our way,
All alone in death's dark day,
To the gloomy grave.

Angel whispers, like a spirit,
Hovers o'er our way;
Fold o'er us their sheltering pinions,
Guide us through the day;
Guide us with their words of love,
From this earth to that above,
Where they ever dwell.

GOD IS COMING.

Both words and music by Mrs. H., in "Spiritual Songs," page 25.

God is coming! God is coming!
Shout aloud the glad refrain!
Send the cry from town and city,
To the village, hamlet, plain.
God is coming! hear the angels—
Shout the tidings from above;
He will deluge our whole country
With His tidal wave of love!

CHORUS:—
God is coming! pass the watchword
All along the line to-day;
Every man be up on duty,
For Jehovah comes this way.

God is coming! God is coming!
Roll the notes of joy on high.
Every blood-bought son of Jesus,
Rally to your Leader's cry!
God is coming! God is coming!
Rub your rusty armor bright,
Gird your sword and shield about you,
And be ready for the fight.—*Chorus.*

God is coming! God is coming!
And the hosts of sin are strong;
We will meet them bravely, boldly,
And the fight will not be long.
God is coming! and before Him,
Powers of darkness must give way;
God is coming! by His strong arm,
We shall gain the victory.—*Chorus.*

God is coming! God is coming!
Oh! lift up your hearts and pray!
In the fight 'twixt light and darkness,
He will need strong arms to-day.
God is coming! falter never,
When the conflict here is done,
You shall wear a crown of glory,
In the kingdom of His Son.—*Chorus.*

OUR BEAUTIFUL DEAD. ("Evergreen," page 20.)

Loved ones come bear her away to her rest;
Friends fold the cold hands across the still breast,
Gather the white robe around the cold clay,
For angels have borne her fond spirit away.

Gather the flowers she loved when in bloom,
Strew them around her, and over the tomb;
Bury her where in her joy she had played,
Under the willow, beneath the cool shade.

Plant a white rose bush upon the dear grave,
Over it let the green willow tree wave;
Cover with soft moss the newly made mound,
And water with tears the sweet flowers around.

She was our idol, our loved one, our own,
But God thought it best to call his lamb home;
Grieved ones, O! chide not the hands that would save,
Your Father hath taken again what He gave.

Sin might have blighted your beautiful one,
Dark clouds of sorrow around her been thrown,—
Jesus will cherish the lamb of the fold,
Safe in His bosom your darling enfold.

Weep where they pillow her beautiful head,
Hallow with tears the graves of the dead,—
Father in heaven, with pityful eye,
Look on the torn hearts that unto Thee cry.

Angels, dear spirits from yon world above,
Spread o'er our darling your white wings of love;
Guide the fond spirit that from us is riven,
Up to your beautiful, bright home in Heaven.

Open the gates for her now waiting feet,
Lead her safe through the pure golden streets;
Carry her up to God's dazzling throne,
Where Jesus will welcome most fondly His own.

'TIS SWEET TO BE REMEMBERED.

'Tis sweet to be remembered in the sunny hours of life,
When hearts all free from sorrow, with happiness are rife;
When those who gather round us, wear fond affection's smile,
And fairy birds sing sweetly, the hours away to while.
It makes the sunshine brighter, the song of birds more dear,
To know we're not forgotten by those we cherish here.

'Tis sweet to be remembered, when clouds o'ershadow all,
And sorrow's sable curtain hangs like a funeral pall;
When sunshine's brightest radiance is hidden by the gloom,
And fondest hopes we cherish lie buried in the tomb.
It makes our hearts grow lighter, like balmy April showers,—
To know that we're remembered in these our darkest hours.

'Tis sweet to be remembered by loved ones far away,
Whose kindly words still cheer us, and send a gladdening ray;
Who oft lament our absence with fond affection's tear,
Who cherish us still fondly, and hold our memory dear.
It makes our absence sweeter, it brightens all our way,
To know we're not forgotten, though we are far away.

'Tis sweet to be remembered when the hour of death draws nigh,—
And angels wait to bear our longing spirits to the sky;
When life's bright sun is sinking, within the vale of death,
And friends are gathered round us, to catch our dying breath;—
It lifts our drooping spirits, it strengthens our weak faith,
To know we're still remembered in the gloomy hour of death.

AUTUMN OF THE HEART.

There's an autumn of the heart,
As well as summer-time;
A shady season of the heart,
As well as bright sunshine;
A time when earthly hopes decay,
When all life's brightness fades away,
And hope's bright star sends not a ray,
Of gladness to our heart.

There's an autumn of the heart,
  Filled with the darkest gloom;
A season when our brightest hopes,
  Lie buried in the tomb;
When clouds of sorrow like a pall,
Of midnight darkness hangs o'er all,
And joy-built visions downward fall,
  Never to rise again.

There's an autumn of the heart,
  In which Death's hand is felt;
A season when deep sorrow reigns,
  Where only joy had dwelt;
When treasures which to us were given,
Are by Death's stern hand from us riven,
And by fond spirit's borne to heaven,
  To meet on earth no more.

There's an autumn of the heart,
  When filled with deep despair,
The clouds above us never part,—
  We see no radiance there.
When weary of the world, we cry:
"O! Father, help me, or I die,—
When all beneath the sod would lie,
  And rest for evermore.

NOTHING BUT CHRIST.

Nothing but Christ! Oh! rest, my soul,
  In His sweet love unto thee given;
For, closed within His loving arms,
  I find this earth my heaven.

Nothing but Christ! Oh! may no power
  Me from my strong position move!
For, trusting in His promised word,
  I find my perfect love.

Nothing but Christ! Oh! blessel days!
  May all thy sweetness never cease!
For, listening to Thy loving voice,
  I find my perfect peace.

Nothing but Christ! Oh! blissful thought;
  I lean upon His loving breast,
Upheld by His almighty arms,
  I find my perfect rest.

COME INTO THE FOLD.

(Both words and music by Mrs. H., in "Evergreen," page 17.)

Come into the fold, come into the fold,
Outside of the gate are the wolves and the cold;
Come into the fold ere the darkness of night
Close round thee and hide the dear Saviour from sight,
Come into the fold, come into the fold,
Oh! wander no longer outside in the cold!

Come into the fold, come into the fold,
Outside are the darkness and danger and cold;
Come in little lambkin upon His dear breast,
The Saviour will fold thee and hush thee to rest;
Come in little lamb, come into the fold,
O! suffer no longer outside in the cold!

Come into the fold, come into the fold,
Outside there are hunger, and weeping and cold,
The sheep hear His voice where the green pasture grows,
And follow His steps where the stream of life flows.
Come in, wandering sheep, come into the fold,
O! tarry no longer outside in the cold!

Come into the fold, come into the fold,
Come in from the darkness the wolves and the cold;
Here pardon and happiness thou shalt receive,
And Jesus unto thee His sweet peace will give.
Come in all who will, come into the fold,
Oh! why will ye wander outside in the cold?

CHAPTER XXII.

AFTERMATH!

The Old Circuit Rider—Hallowed Memories of a Lost Grave—Poems by Miss Anna Troughton—Origin of a Beautiful Hymn.

THE OLD CIRCUIT RIDER.

By Eliza Gault Bennington.*

We see this veteran of the cross,
  On whom God laid His hand,
Go forth in Christ's own strength to fill—
  The Master's great command.

"Good-bye, dear wife, I cannot tell,
  How long shall be my stay;
But while I'm gone, I beg of you,
  Do not forget to pray."

*Widow of Rev. S. D. Bennington, formerly of the Central Pennsylvania Conference.

Thus armored, he went forth to tell,
And bear the tidings 'round,
The blessed Gospel story—
With no uncertain sound.

How God, in wisdom, had devised,
The gracious Gospel plan,
By which to bring salvation
To ev'ry son of man.

With soul aflame with God's great love,
He told the wondrous story;
How Jesus left His home above,
The Father's brightest glory.

With tongue of fire he did proclaim,
How God to save our race,
Sent His own Son on earth to die
And take the sinner's place.

He preached the glories of the cross,
In cabin, wood and field.
God added His rich stores of grace,
An hundred-fold the yield.

No mountain height, nor river broad,
But what we find him there,
Thus bringing to the sons of men,
Salvation from despair.

Thus, day by day, and year by year,
In armor all divine,
He stood, a soldier at command,
Out on the firing line.

At last he reached the river,
'Tis now life's setting sun,
He heard his great Commander say:
"It is enough, well done."

Sweet be thy sleep where'er thou liest,
Thou tireless son of grace;
What though no marble shaft may mark
Thy humble resting place.

Never, in life, did'st thou regard
Earth's plaudit or renown;
It is enough that God doth know,
Where thou hast laid thee down.

HALLOWED MEMORIES OF A LOST GRAVE.

In the village of Milheim, Centre County, Pennsylvania, prior to 1805, lived a family named *Betz,* of whom two sons, John and Matthias, were among the first fruits of the ministry of Rev. Jacob Albright and his co-laborers. John removed to Sandusky County, Ohio, at an early day, and was one of the first Evangelicals in that region, and was the Founder of Bettsville. *Matthias* entered the ministry of the Evangelical Church in 1809, and during his brief ministry labored with remarkable success. Rev. Betz was a young man of fine personal appearance, of medium height, quiet, mild and sympathetic in his disposition, and universally beloved.

He bore with great fortitude an unusual amount of hardship and suffering for the cause of Christ. One incident may suffice to illustrate his Christ-like nature. He was once compelled, on account of inclement weather, to stop at a public house, where another man like himself, was an unwilling guest. This man, who was a stranger to Mr. Betz, indulged in terrible profanity because of the weather, charging the Almighty with folly in permitting such a wild raving of the elements.

For this blasphemy Rev. Betz gently rebuked the scoffer, who resented it by striking him a violent blow on the side of his head. Here was a good opportunity for the exhibition of Christian forbearance, and in literal compliance with our Lord's commandment, Betz turned the other side of his face to the cruel smiter. This act greatly astonished the wicked man, who expressed regret at his sinful conduct and hasty action.

Among the many who were converted under the ministry of Rev. Betz may be mentioned *Bishop John Seybert,* who was brought under conviction at a farewell service of Betz, at Manheim, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, April 15, 1810.*

The last field of labor which Betz served (Northumberland), occupied a territory covering now, eight counties. With him were three colleagues. Rev. Betz was preacher in charge. Late in the season of 1813, when near the extreme western end

*See *"Bishop Seybert's Leben und Wirken,"* page 38.

of his charge, near the present town of Lemont, Centre County, he contracted a severe cold, which terminated in pneumonia, of which he died in the house of a Mr. Steffy, at the early age of thirty-one years. His burial in the Presbyterian graveyard on Spring Creek, was unfortunate, as his parental home, Milheim, was scarcely twenty miles distant. The little graveyard soon afterwards fell into disuse, and for many years has been overgrown with trees and briars. The Central Pennsylvania Conference became anxious lest the grave might be entirely lost, and in 1862 directed the preacher of the charge to identify, if possible, and mark the grave; but, alas! it was too late; *the grave was lost!* The dewdrops that sparkle on his grassy mound in the summer morn, are the only tears that fall upon it, and the wailing of the wind in the tree-tops is the only requiem heard in this lonely spot; yet, 'tis enough; the Eye of the Eternal God rests upon the forgotten grave, and will guard it with jealous care until the resurrection morn. The following lines on this lost grave were contributed by one of the daughters of the church:

IN MEMORY OF REV. MATHIAS BETZ.

By Mina Ferner Rishel.

Within a church-yard's broken walls,
The sweet young grasses ev'ry spring,
Grow up anew; the plover calls—
In measured tones, low murmuring.

And here, in some forgotten grave,
A weary pilgrim takes his rest,
In battle fallen—with the brave,
He shares the triumphs of the blest.

His consecrated lips spake well,
His feet stood firm upon the Rock;
And one among his shafts that fell,
Called forth a shepherd* to the flock.

Thus was a pure and perfect pearl,
Won for the Master's casket fair.
Far better than the empty whirl
Of man's mad praise, such offerings rare.

*Bishop John Seybert.

Then, when the soul's last message came,
His busy, patient hands grew still;
That faith, held high above life's pain,
Bowed to the Father's changeless will.

And though no granite, pointing high,
Now marks the sainted sleeper's rest,
Nor lowly mound with headstone nigh,
To aid the traveler's eager quest.

Nothing but dew, and strange wild weeds,
That tell no tale of hidden dust,
Once living hands, whose noble deeds
Betrayed the full heart's loving trust.

God's angels still with nightly care,
Their constant, white-winged vigils keep,
And breathe o'er silent earth lips their—
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

MISS ANNA TROUGHTON.

The authoress of the subjoined poems, Anna Troughton, is of English parentage, and came into the family of Prof. A. A. Smith about 1856. When her patron became President of Greensburg Seminary, in Ohio, in 1857, Miss Troughton, as one of the students, developed a very fine poetical talent. She remained in the family of Prof. Smith about ten years, eventually married, and removed to California, where she still (1908) resides. The following poems were written when she was still in her teens, as an Evangelical student at Greensburg Seminary. When Prof. Smith became President of Plainfield College, in Illinois, in 1862, Miss Troughton continued her studies, and attained a high degree of literary merit. The poems "The Rain Concert" and "The Burial Place of Our Hopes" are representatives of this gifted woman's poetic talents.

THE RAIN CONCERT.

At the hour before the twilight,
Standing by the open door,
Thinking of the friends now absent,
Thinking of the days of yore,—
Thinking of the forms and faces,
I had loved in by-gone years,
I was startled from my musings,
By a voice from yonder sphere.

Loud it swelled, and yet still louder,
Through the vaulted arch of heaven,
And the forest leaflet trembled
As the echo there was given.
"Gather ye yourselves together
To the concert of the rain,"
And the thunder roared responsive
And the lightning flashed amain.

Then a thousand rain clouds hurried,
And a million rain-drops flew;
While a veil of misty darkness
Gathered o'er the heaven's blue.
Then a spattering and a clattering,
As to earth they rolled along,
And I thought it more melodious
Than the forest warbler's song.

First, there seemed a mimic battle,
Then, anon, a gentler strain;
Till each passion here was painted,
At the concert of the rain.
Oh! the wierd and witching gladness,
In the even, varied strain!
Oh! the mystic tones of sadness,
In the music of the rain!

For each drop doth seem to whisper,
As it patters 'round the door:
"Sigh not for the friends departed,
They are only gone before.
Like as we from earth ascending,
To the clouds whence we are riven,
So shall they arise in glory,
At the golden gates of heaven."

Thus I learned a holy lesson,
From these droppings from the sky;
From the simple words of wisdom
Of these messengers from high.
Long and thoughtfully I pondered,
Till each cloud had passed away;
Till the sun shone forth in glory,
With his last expiring ray.

Till the mystic shadows deepened,
Over hill, and dale, and plain;
Till each drop had told its story,
At the concert of the rain.

Then I thanked the gracious Giver,
  Thanked the Author of the strain,
Thanked Him for the gentle teachings,
  At the concert of the rain.
Oh! I'll ne'er forget the lesson,
  When I dream of friends of yore,
But will think that they are sleeping,
  Or, have only gone before.

THE BURIAL PLACE OF OUR HOPES.

As we are sailing away down the river of Time,
  We often rest on the oar;
To gaze on the past, and with tears repine,
That the name of the shore we are leaving behind,
  Is the land of the *Nevermore!*

There are bowers of love in the Nevermore,
  Where we've wandered hand in hand;
There are vales of peace, and a rock-bound shore,
Where the surges swell with a fearful roar,
  And break on that rock-bound strand.

There's a spot in this land of the bygone years,
  In the shades of its darkest slopes;
Where the falling dews are our own sad tears,
Where the wind, like a wailing moan, appears,
  'Tis here we have buried our hopes.

Our holiest hopes in the dust lie low,
  And are marked by fair monuments;
We see them gleam like the drifted snow,
When the foliage dark waves to and fro,
  And the sun his brightness lends.

Far down where the spray of the dashing waves,
  Falls dark on the solemn shores,
There our blasted hopes in their lowly graves,
Where the ivy creeps, and the dark pine waves,
  And the ocean's requiem roars.

There are nameless longings, and day dreams gay,
  That lie silent, and pale, and cold,
There are new born hopes that lived a day,
Then sickened, and died, and were carried away,
  To sleep in the silent mould.

There are dreams we have sent to the future land,
On the foam of the crested waves;
We have found them wrecked on the cold, cold strand
So we have carried them back to yon mystic land,
And placed them nameless graves.

But 'tis sweet to dream that we need not mourn,
(Though only a dream it be),
That for noble hopes, though they are earth-born,
There will come a resurrection morn,
And a glad reality.

ORIGIN OF A BEAUTIFUL HYMN.

In our young days, when the German language still predominated in our Evangelical worship, one of the hymns which almost every one knew and sang, was:—

"Kommt, Bruder, kommt, wir eilen fort—
Nach neu Jerusalem."

Many years ago we began an investigation as to the origin of this hymn and the stirring melody to which it is sung. We believed it was composed by one of the first Evangelical preachers, presumably *John Walter,* for the three-fold reason that it first appeared in the Evangelical *"Viole,"* first edition, (1818), was sung almost exclusively in the Evangelical Church and *not found* in any other early denominational song books. Our surmisings were eventually confirmed by Rev. Joseph Saylor, who gave us the following circumstantial account of its origin.

When Saylor was presiding elder of *Salem* District, in 1833, he held a meeting in Morrison's Cove, in Bedford County. This meeting was attended by Father *George Kring,* who lived beyond the Allegheny Mountain, in Cambria County. Saylor's next apointment was at the home of Father Kring, and he acted as escort to Saylor across the mountain. In their journey they reached a point on the mountain where Kring stopped and told him of the following occurrence there:—

He said that many years before (certainly prior to 1810. —AUTHOR) he had piloted *Rev. John Walter* from the Cove to his home in Cambria County, in mid winter. A heavy snow

had fallen, and Kring, having the stronger horse, rode some distance ahead to break the way. When they reached the point spoken of, Walter called to Kring, saying that he had *composed a verse,* and then repeated the first verse of this hymn. Kring encouraged him to compose more, and as each verse was composed, it was repeated to Kring. When they reached Kring's home, Walter committed the beautiful song of ten stanzas to paper. The beautiful melody we also believe to be Walter's composition. The song was sung with good effect at the Evangelical Centennial, at Kleinfeltersville, Pennsylvania, September 25, 26, 1907.

We have made a translation of a few stanzas of the hymn, in order that the reader may catch something of its sentiment and spirit.

Come, brethren, come, we'll journey on,
To the New Jerusalem;
Oh! see you not the golden gates,
That just before you gleam?

Chorus:—
In the rest, in the rest,
Oh! heaven's sweetest rest;
I'll wait for the day when my Saviour comes,
And then I'll go home to my rest.

Unto that goal direct your eyes,
Hold Jesus' faithful word,
Keep watchfulness and prayer in mind,
So the journey wont be hard.

Here is a mighty wilderness,
Through which we all must go,
Here taste the heavenly manna sweet,
O! then no murmur know.

Note.—George Kring was converted under Albright, at Morrison's Cove, 1805; removed to Cambria County, 1806; was the first Evangelical west of the mountains; died 1844, aged 78 years. His son, Conrad, born 1800, entered the ministry 1823; died in Ohio, 1887. Rev. S. B. Kring, son of Rev. Conrad, born 1827; entered the ministry 1850; died 1893. Savilla, daughter of Rev. S. B. Kring, great-granddaughter of George, and now the wife of Dr. C. C. Poling, President of Western Union College, was the first female Evangelist in the Evangelical Church.

Soon we shall land on Jordan's stream,
That by the city glides,
Who keeps the faith shall safely cross,
For him the stream divides.

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